

ARGUS





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THE ARGUS



NUMBER 84

1975-1976

Argus Staff



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Headmaster's Report

I am writing this at the beginning of the summer as I contemplate the names of those who will make up the student body next year, and as I consider the plans which we are developing for our programme. This message is a personal one from me to each of you boys who will be returning.

We all have a big and important job ahead of us. I honestly believe that your parents give you a wonderful opportunity by sending you to Appleby - to a school with fine facilities, and with a staff who truly care about you. But with this opportunity comes the obligation on your part to pull your weight, and to make it a healthier and happier school because you are here.

While in comparison with other leading Independent Schools, our overall record - considering academics, athletics, music, art, drama, Northward Bound etc. - is among the best, I should point out that this does not mean that as boys you are better people than boys anywhere else. You may have had better training, but you are not better people. There



are many, many boys who, if they had been given the opportunities which you have had, would have done just as well - if not a good deal better.

However, the opportunity has been given to YOU; so for the short time you have it, during these precious years of your lives, I would urge you to make

the most of it. Whether you are going to be a prefect or simply a citizen, think about responsibility - your responsibility to those around you, your responsibility to your own consciences. Think about integrity - being true to your word, being straight in your dealings with each other and with adults, and being honest when no one is looking, simply because it is right. Think about kindness - helping those who have difficulty, encouraging those who are unhappy, and befriending those who are lonely.

As to whether this School fulfils its potential as a vibrant, stimulating and happy place, this will depend on the part each one of you plays. If you drag your feet and tear down, you will contaminate those around you and you will be miserable; if you have a positive attitude and build up, you will stimulate those around you and you will be happy. The opportunities are here in abundance - let us embrace them together with courage, with vigour, and with integrity.

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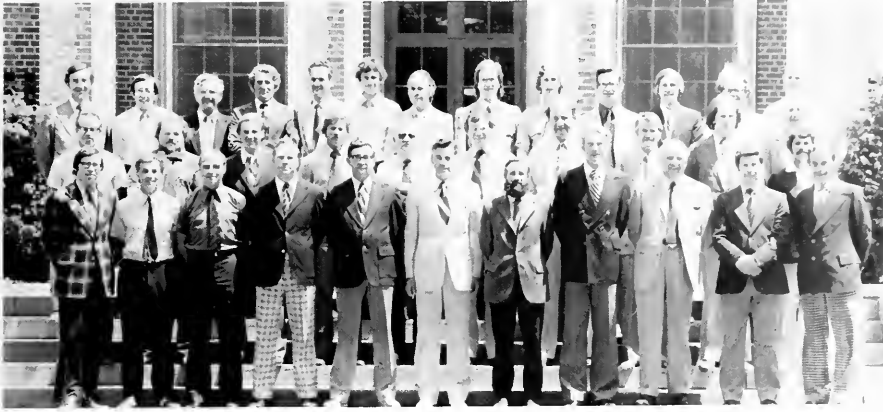


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BACK ROW: Messrs. Humphreys, Landry, Josselyn, Noble, Sharpe, Crabb, Stott, Birkett, Leach, Royse, Shorney, DesRoches, Abbott.

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 M.A. Nightingale, B.A., M.A.

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 Assistant Headmaster
 Registrar
 Director of Junior School

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 P.H. Day, B.A.
 F.J. Richardson, B.A.
 J.E. Berriman, Cert. of Ed.

Powell's House
 Dean of Residence
 Colley House
 Walker House
 Day Boys
 Junior School House

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 N.H. Bailey, Ontario and P.Q. Certificates
 J.E. Berriman, Cert. of Ed.
 P.L. Birkett, B.A., B.Ed., M.A.
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 Form Master, Grade 5
 Form Master, Grade 7A
 French and Music
 Form Master, Grade 6A
 Music
 Head of History
 Head of Modern Languages





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 Mrs. I. Lytle
 Mrs. M. Paterson
 Mrs. W. Meade

English
 Mathematics
 Head of Chemistry
 Business, Economics, Spanish
 Head of English
 Head of Classics
 Mathematics and Scripture
 Head of Geography
 Director of Art
 Form Master, Grade 8B
 Director of Northward Bound
 Head of Mathematics
 Mathematics
 Director of Music
 Form Master, Grade 4
 Form Master, Grade 6B
 History
 English
 Form Master, Grade 7B
 Chaplain
 Junior School Science
 Head of Physics

Head Librarian
 Assistant Librarian

School Physician
 Head Nurse
 Nurse
 Nurse

Business Administrator
 Director of Development
 Bursar
 Dietician
 Head Cook
 Headmaster's Secretary
 Accountant
 Secretary
 Secretary
 Secretary
 Building and Grounds Superintendent
 Co-ordinator Support Services

Colley House
 Powell's House
 Walker House
 Junior School House

Appointments

Head Prefect	J.J. Rosseel
Deputy Head Prefect	P.A. Taylor

Prefects:

In Colley House	N.R. Waterfield	R. Maslon
	P.F. Cutler	R.C. Wilson
	C. Kingsley	

In Powell's House	J.A. Wright	E.F. Hebert
	P.P. Bloemen	M.M. Pendharkar
	I. Cameron	

In Walker House	D. Stuart	S.W. Roloff
	J.A.M. Slattery	J.T. Wetmore
	B.G. Peart	J.A. Hall Brooks

Chapel Wardens	P.A. Taylor	B.G. Peart
	W.C. Beasley	J.T. Wetmore
	I. Cameron	J.A. Wright
	W.J.M. Cheney	G.M. Johnson
	C. Kingsley	J.W. Manning

Student's Activities Committee:

President J.A. Wright
Secretary P. Crossbie

Junior School Prefects:

Head Boy	L. Gratton
Prefects	D. Dorion
	E. Morgan
	A. Paletta
	P. Stewart

Captain of Football	J.J. Rosseel
Vice Captain of Football	T. Green

Captain of Soccer	J. Morgan
Vice Captain of Soccer	C. Zahovskis

Captain of Hockey	P.A. Taylor
Vice Captain of Hockey	C. Stuart

Captain of Basketball	M.M. Pendharkar
Vice Captain of Basketball	P. To
Captain of Squash	I.D. McKenzie
Captain of Swimming	J.A. Wright
Vice Captain of Swimming	P.P. Bloemen
Captain of Cricket	P.A. Taylor
Vice Captain of Cricket	N.M. Jamieson
Captain of Rugger	J.J. Rosseel
Vice Captain of Rugger	R. Maslon

Valedictory

(This valedictory address was delivered to the School during the Closing ceremonies, June 12, 1976.)

I present to each of you this problem: how should you address your school, for the last time? What should be said? How should you say it?

I feel the need to thank, and bid farewell to, the scores of people who have been Appleby to me. They have been my companions, examples, friends, and counsels for the past five years. Time does not allow the privilege of expressing my gratitude to each individual, so my sincere thanks must go out to you collectively. You shall NOT be soon forgotten.

Having been entrusted with the responsibility of delivering this address, I am compelled to leave the boys of the school with a message on behalf of the "Class of '76".

After a year in which there has existed some measure of discontent at every level, I would think it imperative that each one of you sit down alone, sometime this summer and think . . . REALLY think about why you are here, and just WHAT you are doing at Appleby.

I should like this message to take the form of a story or fable. Trusting that it will not prove an insult to your intelligence, I will proceed.

There once lived a wretched old troll, who occupied the space beneath a very ancient bridge. He had lived there since the beginning of time. This troll, supposedly the guardian of the bridge, had, through indolence and neglect, allowed it to fall into disrepair. He was blind to the needs of the bridge and did not care to replace its worn and



weathered parts. He thought the attention an unnecessary bother; he did not believe that his bridge would ever collapse.

Now, in the same neighbourhood, there lived a herd of wise, old goats who crossed the bridge twice every day, to and from their grassy feeding ground. Being well aware of the troll's neglectful tendencies towards the bridge, they would prudently scan its stone arches before each crossing, watching for any indication that the structure might be unsafe. They also made a point of mentioning daily the sorry state of the bridge to the troll, who, upon hearing this, would merely grunt, roll over and fall asleep.

One day, the goats broke their routine of crossing the bridge, seeing that it was surely in danger of collapsing.

They told the troll, "We are no longer confident that your bridge is capable of supporting itself, let alone us."

They warned him that he must do something to save the bridge, before all was lost.

The troll, of course, would not listen. Ignoring them, he grunted, rolled over, and passed into a lazy sleep.

Then it happened that one of the stones holding up the bridge, being exhausted after years of thankless effort and inattention, finally began to give way. Its mortar, crumbling into small pieces, rained down upon the slumbering troll. Being rudely awakened, he sat up and swiped the dust away.

"BONK!", without warning, the large stone fell upon his head.

Worried that the entire edifice might crumble, the troll scurried away to the safety of higher ground. Though trembling for a moment from the loss of its archstone, the bridge did not give way.

From this new vantage point the troll finally realized the extent to which he had endangered his domain, and, indeed, how close he had come to losing it.

Time passed and the troll changed his ways. He cared for the bridge and serviced it conscientiously and it stood forever.

Returning now to reality, I would urge you to follow the troll's fundamental change in attitude. Do not attend this school as an unconcerned student, care for it; care about it. Contribute to and participate in it.

Most importantly, remember . . . it is the people in a school, and their actions and attitude, that make it great or small. Bygone years do not matter so much as the present and near - future . . . and what you decide to do with them.

My best wishes to you .all.

John J. Rosseel

Graduates

FERRON BETHELL

"Benny" has flashed and glittered around the College for two "golden" years, during which time he has clearly established himself as a likeable and co-operative member of the community. Stoically enduring the Canadian climate, he found comfort in dreams of sunny Bahamian beaches, and in letters from a mysterious southern woman. Not one to waste precious time, he fills the gaps between letters with fine academic work, and demonstrations of athletic powers. This year, he sprinted for the Track Team (occasionally), joined Second Team Squash, and gained his Colours on the First Football Team. Outside (and sometimes during) classes, he bettered his pool game, and worked on his photographic skills as a club member. After sunset, a place was always reserved for him in most Grade 13 social activities. Ferron will remain in Canada (in spite of the obvious disadvantages) for a few more years, in order to pursue a career in Biology.



PETER-PAUL BLOEMEN

We have had "tulip" with us since Grade Eight. For four years, he has played Football, but his outstanding contributions have been as Assistant Captain of the swimming team and this spring as a member of the open Rugby team. In the spring of Grade Eleven, Peter was an exchange student at Shawnigan School in British Columbia where he was able to pursue his greatest interest: sailing. With the exception of that spring away from School, Peter has always helped in odd ways, principally with make-up for the Opperettas and this year's play. Peter's leadership qualities were proven this year as Captain of the Flag Party and often tested as Prefect of the Powell's House Dormitory. Peter was also a Northward Bound Instructor and an avid naturalist. A solid academic background revolving around Maths has lead Peter to choose Engineering as his career, which he hopes to be studying at Queen's University next year.

IAN CAMERON

One of the true veterans of the College, Ian has been engaged in almost every activity possible during his seven years at the School. A sense of responsibility and duty towards the School has made Ian one of the more valuable members of our little community. His invaluable leadership and devotion to our Cadet Corps can not go unnoticed, and he has come from Lieutenant of the Best Platoon (in Grade 11) to become Commanding Officer of our Corps in his last year. A true soldier! Ian has served well as a School Prefect and has always been ready to give of his best. He has been a Chapel Warden for four years and has carried the duty out well, also. On the athletic fields, Ian has played for the First Football Team for three years, and this winter (after having decided to swim) was a member of our I.S.A.A. Championship Team. He also played for the First Cricket XI this year. Ian also has participated in the School's Operettas for the past four years and this year, played the role of "Freddie" in "Romanoff and Juliet". With all that he has accomplished at Appleby, it is certainly with regret that we say goodbye to him. The Best of Luck Ian!





RICHARD CHENG

"Rich" came to us only this year. He was supposed to be in Grade Twelve, but was promoted to Grade Thirteen because the teaching staff felt that he had achieved that standard. They were certainly proved right! He excelled (especially in Mathematics) at a tremendous rate. At all hours of the day one would find students in his room asking him for help. He was involved with the Bridge and Computer Clubs. He was a friend to one and all, and we will remember him for his kindness and understanding to all of us.

FRASER CUTLER

Fraser is, by general consent, everybody's image of a good guy. Without pretensions, indeed without obvious distinctions, Fraser has made his way quietly and peacefully through five years of Appleby. It would be a mistake however, to dismiss Fraser as an average sort of fellow. He made his mark, but with less commotion than others. He was, for example, Major Second-in-Command of the Cadet Corps. He is a keen traveller and carried the Appleby message as far away as Italy and even snowy Russia. He was a gentle, kindly leader and a solidly dependable Colley House Prefect. He was also a modest sportsman, playing on the First Rugger and First Football Teams and also swam for the College for two years. His love for the rugged outdoor life made him an ideal instructor for Northward Bound when it started in 1974. He was in every sense a trail-blazer. Logically, Fraser's chosen career is in forestry. Good Luck, Sponge!



JAMES HALL-BROOKS

"H-B" has been at Appleby for five years and has always been near the top of his class. He was a hard worker, and besides being a Foundation Scholar, this year he earned his Gold Optimates. Although life here is not much different from the confined life of New York City, James has successfully kept himself busy as a Prefect in Walker House, a First Aid instructor, Deputy Commander of A Company in our Cadet Corps, and as a member of the crew behind the scenes in our dramatic productions. He is an avid cross-country runner, and ran away with five out of nine academic prizes last year. Since our friend hopes to go to England and study Biological Science, we sincerely wish him all the best.

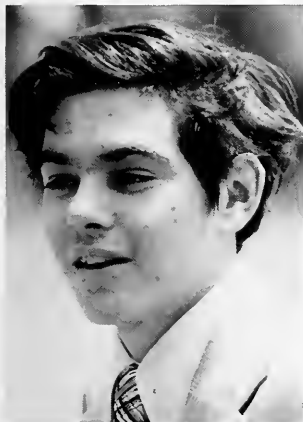
ERIC HEBERT

"Eggy" has been with us for three years and during this time he has put in a great deal of hard work which earned him a place on the Unsupervised Study List since Grade 11, his Optimates in Grade 12 and his Gold Optimates in Grade 13. A keen sports fan, "Eggy" proved to us that being glued to the television on Sunday afternoons does have favourable outcomes; he was on Second Football for two years and was our big (?) tight end on the First Team this year. His never-ending hard work won him a place on the Record Board. On the ice, "Eggy" showed us his prowess by being Captain of the League Hockey last year! His basketball career on the First Team was ended abruptly when he injured his ankle. Between his studies and sports, Hebert or Muhkwa as we sometimes called him is funloving and responsible, and our resident expert on Indians. He was a Prefect in Powell's House this year and his future plan is to study Marine Engineering at Georgian College - all the best, "Eggy"!



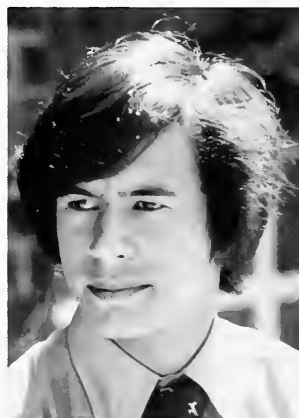
CHARLES KEEFE

Charles' activities for the six years he has been here have ranged from Chess Club to manager of our illustrious First Football Team. On the other side of College life, academically that is, Charles has worked very hard. He has been the "resident business accountant" of Colley House as many of the Grade Thirteen students will attest to. Amongst Charles' various interests perhaps his favourite is the piano. He is a devoted lover, of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart. All of these composers, at one time or another, have been conquered by determination and hard work. Charles has the ability to make up his mind, and not be swayed, an admirable trait that will definitely be an advantage to him in the future. We all wish him well.



CRAIG KINGSLEY

Craig Kingsley is an audiophile with a weakness for marine biology and an orange belt in judo. Despite these eccentricities, his three years as a full scholarship student at Appleby have been successful and rewarding for both parties. Living proof of the maxim that you cannot judge a product by its packaging, he rose to be a Colley House Prefect (sheriff of the Annex Deck), a Chapel Warden, A Captain in the Appleby Army, a cross-country star and once even an Optimates winner. That was in Grade 11, the same year he won the Progress Prize. A strong individualist, Craig has always been willing to submerge himself in group efforts as well, in the Operetta chorus over two years, on all the Senior School Rugby teams, as a scuba buff and as a sailor. He left early in his final term to join the crew of "Pathfinder", the famous sail-powered training vessel. His heart is clearly in the sea. He will go to Queen's next year to study marine biology. Good luck, sailor!





JOHN MCBRIDE

"J-D" has been here for five years in all, from Grades 6 - 8, and after a two year holiday at Ridley, returned to finish Grades 11, 12 and 13. Throughout these years he displayed the quickest wit and the most voluble excuses, especially when trying to explain his absence at breakfast to Mr. Smith! This year, he tried his hand at interior decorating, sometimes to Mr. Washington's displeasure. In his senior year, John has participated in many activities such as Open Rugby, Swimming and Squash, some Gymnastics and Weight Room, and some extra-extra-curricular activities, too numerous to mention. If to be found on campus at all, he would most likely be found at Dave Stuart's. Being the second remaining member of the T.T., he is remembered mostly for his ability to sway the opinion of many a courtroom judge, officer of the law, and almost anyone for that matter. We wish you all the best in the future, and in parting leave you with this bit of advice - "When you go out to the parking lot just get in your car!"

ROBERT MASLON

'Groundhog' has been with us for eight years, during which time he has more than "learned the ropes" here. After three years in Junior House, he moved to the Walker House Dormitory and then to Colley House. There he has remained, and became a Prefect of the "Four Bedder Deck". Although he has not specialized in any one particular sport, Rob has played on a great variety of teams over the years, and has always "pulled more than his own weight." The most recent of these teams have been the Senior Squash Team, First Football Team, First Soccer Team, and the First Rugby Team, where he achieved his Colours. The Northward Bound programme has also benefited from his experience and leadership; he was Head Instructor this year. More than for his athletic accomplishments or his scholastic abilities, we will remember him for his knack of "framing" people. Because of his boyish ilk of innocence, our oldest member of the class managed to have numerous people through the years take the brunt of his many 'frame-jobs'. It was this weaselly quality of Rob's which brought to life many a dull situation and earned him his nickname 'the groundhog'. We all wish you the best of luck, Rob.

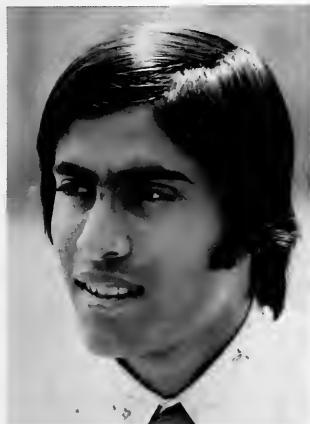


JOHNATHAN MORGAN

The most noticeable member of our class, with his beach blonde hair and flashing white suits, Johnathan Morgan is indeed a fine representative of the land he loves so much: that is, Barbados. "Orge", as he was tabbed here, was one of the most affable fellows you could ever meet, with his ear to ear grin and his raucous laughter. His second greatest love (when he wasn't charming the girls, or patronizing his country's export-rum) was music. Orge loved his music, and being an islander, he had that natural flair for dancing to anything, and indeed he did. Unfortunately for us, John has been with us for only the last two years, but he has contributed more than his share to the School. In his first year, he was a member of the First Swimming Team and the First Cricket XI, as well as being one of our better cross-country runners. This year, Johnathan was the captain of our First Soccer Team in the autumn. During the winter term, he was instrumental in our winning of the I.S.A.A. Swimming Championship. In the Spring, he played on the First Rugby Team. A very versatile athlete, Johnathan received his Colours twice in swimming and once in soccer. A diligent and hardworking student in the classroom, he has met all challenge vigorously. Good luck John!

BRUCE PEART

"Moon" the slope Peart arrived in Grade Seven young and eager to learn. Seen mostly in his red sweats and worky boots, Moon is known mostly for his work behind the scenes and under the A.T.V. Bruce tried his hand in almost every major sport, including hockey, football, First Team Soccer, Open Rugby and bush patrol, but preferred the weight room most of all. While not in the weight room, he was noticed in class mostly for his ability to capture and put into verse the many controversies which arose during the year. Moon's one liners are infinite and unintelligible. He was one of the select 63 prefects in Walker House and ruled the top deck mainly by proxy. When his talents went to Northward Bound, he instructed in the same manner. We wish Bruce the best of luck in the future, and hope to see his name in the acknowledgements of many humorous movies.



MILIND PENDHARKAR

Mahone, alias the Pink Panther, has been at Appleby for three years. He has been on the First Basketball Team for three Years, two of which he was Captain. In the Spring, the Panther has shown great agility on the Track Team, for two years. His academic work was always of high quality and he earned his Gold Optimates this year. Apart from being the school's leading economist, he was also a member of the Debating Society. Mahone was in the School Choir during his second year, and played the General in the School performance of "Romanoff and Juliet". He also played Chremes in "Eros at Breakfast". Milind kept the band together for two years with his glockenspiel. Being the first member of the Century Club, Milind found it hard to forgo a brew at any time. Milind was always a great person to be with and we will all miss him very much. A prefect in Powell's House this year, he hopes to return home to British Columbia to study Mathematics at the University of B.C.

JEAN-PIERRE RACHMANINOFF

"Rock" has been at Appleby for five years. During this time he has excelled in academics. As one of the foundation scholars, he has remained steadily on the Unsupervised Study List, and also achieved his Optimates. Due to his size, he was a valuable member of both the First Basketball and Track Teams. Rock was a regular member of the Wednesday Afternoon Club and we will miss him next year in the "T.Q.". He will be attending the University of Michigan, next year to study Natural Sciences. We wish him all the best in his future years.





STEPHEN ROLOFF

"Rollo has been at Appleby for five years. During this time, he has contributed regularly to the "Argus" as college poet and literary editor in Grade Twelve. Throughout his years, he has won prizes in English, History, Biology, Geography, and also the Campbell Gold Medal in Grade 12. When not catching forty winks, he has attended classes, to maintain an excellent standing and his Gold Optimates. A Prefect and keen squash player, he was well known in the School. A two year member of the Second Squash Team, he also played goalie for the First Soccer Team this year. In Grade 13, he organized lessons for 13's, complete with dance instructor and girls. The Cancer Drive, of which he was Team Captain, the "Argus" and the Riverside have all benefited from his support. We wish you well, Steve.

JOHN ROSSEEL

The lower field is yearly claimed by Spring's scorching waters. It was not yet summer and therefore the winter blahs still controlled the School, or most of the School. To the trained eye it was obvious that the properly packed alluvium under the flooded field resembled a blueberry pie in shape and texture. It seemed logical, to John, that a blueberry pie fight was in order. So the battle began. To have seen the smiling clump of dirt that returned to the House after the war was to have seen John Rosseel, Head Boy of the School. Quite simply, he loves to live. Perhaps this accounts for his outstanding contributions to every aspect of Appleby life. Whether in the airy heights of our gymnasium, or captaining the Open Rugby Team and First Football Teams, "Seal" carried with him an atmosphere of success. Not only the success of victory, for at times victory was not to be, but the success of satisfaction in participation. And it was not just the prestigious activities that received his attention. The frustrations of being Argus co-editor were his; even the Choir was graced with his 'aurora'. When time pulls John away from Appleby, the finest day will, at first, not seem as fine or the most enjoyable game, as enjoyable.



JOHN SLATTERY

"Slatts" is one of the last of a dying breed which date back to a time B.N. (Before Ned). In his nine years, John has certainly had time to leave his mark and he has done this, especially on the playing field. He has played on the First Football Team, Senior Hockey Team, Open Rugby Team, and Senior Soccer Team, and has received his Colours several times, as well as having won many awards over the years for Track and Field. In the classroom, John has always maintained good marks, above the class average, and even received his Optimates (at least) once. This year, John was also a member of the Debating Society, A Prefect in Walker House, and a Northward Bound Instructor. We will remember him most for his down - to - earth, common sense idioms, and his incredible ability to not lose - he can't! In more than one parking lot did "Slatts" put his peers at ease with his presence. Good luck in the future!

DAVID STUART

"Kink" has been with us for six years, during which time he has honed his sarcasm to the fine edge it has been this year. In the classroom, his silent answers were usually his best, but also attained the highest quality from years of practice. In the way of sports, his career has been greatly varied. Football, hockey, squash, and Open Rugby were his minor interests, while his major interest has been with the swim team, a strange group which swam hundreds of yards a day and (only) became one of the best teams in Ontario. As the Walker House Dormitory Prefect, in spirit, his guiding hand on the pen meant an early rise for many a misbehaving lad, and as a Northward Bound instructor his knack for getting lost always gave his boys that extra feeling of confidence. Since he lived on Campus, Dave's room became a home away from home to many of us, including the T.T. who spent many hours in conference behind a locked door. Looking to the future, we will probably see him working hard earning enough money to get started in farming. We all wish him the best of luck, and expect free milk and eggs very soon.



PETER TAYLOR

To get the most out of Appleby, one must be prepared to give his all - Peter stands out as one who gave and received to the fullest during his seven years here. His position as Head Boy of Walker House and Deputy Head Boy of the School attests to his integrity and to the recognition his efforts received. The first teams in Hockey (Captain), Football, Cricket and Soccer, gained from his athletic prowess; he also made impressive contributions in Tennis and Track. Equally impressive, the Chapel (Head Chapel Warden), Student Council President, Dance Committee, Debating and Operetta gained from his ability to administer and to lead. Claiming an absence of nicknames, "God", "Tailleur", or "Perseus" may look forward to the more tranquil life of the outside world, but somehow one knows that wherever Peter goes his abilities will always be called upon. Peter can rest assured that we will all be "pulling" for him as he pursues his chosen career in dentistry.



PARA TO

Since coming to Appleby four years ago, Para has accumulated a list of girlfriends the length of a computer print-out sheet. He has acclimatized himself very well to the North American way of life and has contributed a great deal to the School. Para has always maintained a very high academic standing, particularly in Mathematics, and has received his Gold Optimates this year. Basketball is a game that Para plays well - it's probably all a matter of angles of trajectory, arc lengths, and initial velocities. He has played on the First Team for three years and was Assistant Captain for two. This year he received his Colours for his efforts. When not talking on the telephone, Para was a avid bridge player, an instructor in Map and Compass, and a Warrant Officer in our Cadet Corps. Para plans to go into the field of Mechanical Engineering. We wish him all the best.





NICHOLAS WATERFIELD

Nick Waterfield was Head of Colley House in his final year and is going to be an engineer. One hesitates to say anything else about him. Envy being the most rooted of human vices, to list Nick's achievements in his three years at Appleby is to risk turning green. As a sportsman, he has his Colours in Football, Rugger, and in Basketball (twice). Out of school (yes, there is a world out there) he is an avid golfer. In scholarship, Nick has few peers. He has consistently come top of his class as much by hard work as by innate talent. He has his Gold Optimates. Nick was always at his most impressive decked out in the Blue Ceremonial Robes of the Appleby Debating Society of which he was President in his final year. He could act too - in Appleby's productions for the Independent Schools Drama Festival. He was a stooge for numerous operettas. Nick found time also for volunteer service in the Community as well as for the odd bit of communing in the New Murray as well. Nick is returning to his native British Columbia (U.B.C.) for university. Now if only he had been a squash player . . . We all wish him the best!

JAMES WETMORE

One of a very small group of students who remember the days when the Reverend Doctor Bell was Headmaster and prefects were politely addressed as "Sir" by the boys, Jim rounds off nine years of life at Appleby. Having passed through several spiritual and moral crises during his time at the School, he emerged from the nebulous masses in Grade 11, to distinguish himself as our resident philosopher and abstract thinker, witness his Edin Heward Memorial prize-winning public speech, entitled "Lettuce, Carrots and Peas" - marvel of metaphysical thought in its own right. His imagination, sense of humour and amiable nature won him many friends who will sorely miss him after graduation. These qualities, combined with conscientious effort, served him well as a Senior Day Boy/Prefect in his final year. Being also a man of physical action, Jim's absence will certainly be felt on the cricket pitch, where he has dexterously represented the First XI for three years. Though presently aspiring to a history degree at Queen's University, followed possibly by a career in law, it is difficult to say just what the future holds for him; being an idealist at heart, who knows? Perhaps, someday, he will cast aside the 'snares' of sophistication and find a exemplar colony of civilized men and women on some remote South Pacific island . . . only time will tell!



BRUCE WILLIAMS

"Radar" drifted in through the Appleby gates three years ago, and since then has managed to survive his sentence with hardly a dull moment. While not an outstanding athlete, Bruce represented the School in an Inter-School Cross-Country Meet, has played Second Team Basketball, Tennis League, and League Hockey, an unusual feat for a warm water Bermudian. Academically, Bruce managed to spend just enough time at a desk to earn his optimates in Grades 11 and 12 and his Gold Optimates in Grade 13, whilst staying with the privileged "unsupers". Some of his more casual interests lay in riflery and scuba but he was more often to be found in front of his television set, polishing a Cadet Boot to mirrored perfection. We all wish him luck in his future studies in the field of veterinary medicine at Guelph and may the animal life of Bermuda be worried!

RICHARD WILSON

Rick Wilson came to Appleby in 1973 from British Columbia. His tough, pugnacious character found an outlet in rugger and football: he earned his Colours in both sports. For two years he was on the Gym Team and as a Track star won the Victor Ludorum in 1975. He was a steady scholar with a seventy per cent plus average throughout his days at the School, became Chief Warrant Officer in the Cadet Corps and a Colley House Prefect. In his last two years, he revealed a very respectable acting talent in "Fool's Errand" and more notably in Mr. Josselyn's fine production of "Romanoff and Juliet". Rick is going back to play rugger in British Columbia and to study medicine at the University of British Columbia. Good luck Willy!



JOHN WRIGHT

During John's six years at Appleby, he has succeeded in every field of endeavour. John dabbled in both Football and Rugby but his real strength lay in swimming. He was captain of our Swimming Team for two years, earning Colours during both of those years. He led the team to victory in the I.S.A.A. Championship meet this year. Academically, John was always a solid student geared towards the arts; also a regular on the Unsupervised Study List. John showed his leadership abilities by being the Head of Powell's House during his final year, and as the Lieutenant of the best platoon in our Cadet Corps, also during his Grade 13 year. John was also a keen outdoorsman, and showed great ability in his two years as an Instructor at the School's Northern Campus. While at the School, John spent a great deal of time on his sketching. He produced excellent drawings of buildings and scenes of the college grounds. This artistic and creative ability will, no doubt, stand him in good stead for his future in landscape architecture at the University of Guelph. His academic endeavours will, however, be delayed for one year, as he will be visiting Australia. Bon Voyage!



CHRISTOPHER ZAHOVSKIS

Chris had had three productive years at Appleby. Academically, he has been on the Unsupervised Study List since Grade 11, and has achieved his Optimates in Grades 11 and 12, and during his Grade 13 year, won his Gold Optimates. Chris has been on the First Soccer Team and was vice-captain of the team during this, his final year at Appleby, and the team's first year in I.S.A.A. competition. For his accomplishments he was named to the School's Record Board. Chris has also played three years in the Squash League. Chris was most active in the School Choir, and especially the Dramatic Society. He was in the chorus in the production of OLIVER! and he won recognition for his delivery of "Murder, Murder!". Last year, he starred as Nanki-Poo in the "Mikado". This year, a play was done instead of an operetta, due the need for a change of pace. Chris, besides being talented, was interested, and played Romanoff in Ustinov's "Romanoff and Juliet". In the Public Speaking contest, Chris narrowly missed winning and placed second. Chris is heading for Queen's, for Engineering, and we wish him well!



12E



FRONT ROW: Beasley, Smith I, Jackson I, Mckenzie I, Kishino.
CENTRE ROW: Slattery I, Green I, Stewart II, Dickens, Bierbrier, Paterson.
BACK ROW: Hou, Van Tighem I, Davies, Rachmaninoff, Large, Jamieson, Gibson I.

12A-1



FRONT ROW: Samaroo, Baiz I, Hodge.
CENTRE ROW: Cheney, Webb I, Brown, Gibson II.
BACK ROW: Manning, Gudewill, Gall, Walton, Stuart III.

12A-2



FRONT ROW: Aleong, Yustin, Johnson I.
CENTRE ROW: Vieira, Duncan I, Durrant, Kelle.
BACK ROW: Mahfood I, Graham, Logan I, Keates I, Harrigan, Crosbie, Beatson.

11E



FRONT ROW: Stacey, Jackson II, Stuart IV, French, Josselyn.
CENTRE ROW: McCulloch, Keil, Mckenzie II, Thomson I, McCarter, Jackson III, Yeo.
BACK ROW: Manbert, Stott, McLaughlin, Halliday, Wood I, Morrison II, Thomson II, Robertson.

11A-1



FRONT ROW: Merrill, Hébert II, Redmond, Peart II, Clark, Moffat.
CENTRE ROW: Platt I, Bloemen II, Withey, Maxwell I, Hawley, Morgan II.
BACK ROW: Suchanek, Boyd, Cambon, Lytle, Thompson I, Burke I, Carpenter.

11A-2



FRONT ROW: Yustin II, Hammill, Grimes.
CENTRE ROW: Bramall, Wu, Grimm, Choy, Parks, Gaskin, Etherington.
BACK ROW: Lomas, Surphills, Kacan, Hall, Benson I, Klymas, Lam, Fournier.

10E



FRONT ROW: Harmer, Day, Toles I.

CENTRE ROW: Richards I, Kent, Richards II, Leggat, Lewis.

BACK ROW: Mariz, Hamilton I, Thompson III, Waddell, Manifold, Baggaley, Newell.

10A-1



FRONT ROW: Baines, Reid I, Sell, King, Green II.

CENTRE ROW: Ochitwa, Stafford, Wooley, Wannamaker, Jones, Stoneham, Devitt.

BACK ROW: Thompson II, Logan II, Ritson, Hubner, Keates II, Benson II, Bruce, Van Tighem II.

10A-2



FRONT ROW: Stuart V, Wilson II, Platt II, Bickham.
BACK ROW: Webb II, Bateman, Ellery, Marsh, Hogaboam.

9E



FRONT ROW: Maxwell II, Johnston, Appleby, Durst, Ashley, Speich.
CENTRE ROW: Stevenson, Green III, Bundschuh, Burke II, Washington, Wright II.
BACK ROW: Gray II, McBride II, Wood II, Pike, Cartotto, Coxon, Hueton.

9A



FRONT ROW: Spencer, Gilchrist, Arnott, Hamilton II, Anderson.
CENTRE ROW: Scott, Holland, Fife, Jaciw, Cole.
BACK ROW: Gatrell, Beckett II, Hewitt, Sutherland, Smith III, Hickling.

8SS



FRONT ROW: Smith II, Hainsworth, Lakin, Titmuss, Gardner, Cook.
BACK ROW: McConnell, Macdonald, Mahfood II, Bethune, Chapman, Thurley, Mollenhauer, Bonar, Baiz II.





Activities



Debating

The Debating Society operated this year at a level of excellence unsurpassed by any other society in the School. Never before have so many debated so well and drawn so much attention to themselves and the society.

Within the society, the broadest spectrum of styles of debating was encompassed, from the informal atmosphere of the Wednesday night debates with St. Mildred's, to the more formal, prestigious confines of the Fulford Cup or the Appleby Invitational Tournament.

At one end of the spectrum, the Wednesday night debates proved entertaining and educational to the young, inexperienced members of the society. The debates were always spirited, and audience participation, at one time unheard of in the staid confines of Appleby College, pushed its way to the forefront in an unpredicted and pleasing fashion. We would like to thank St. Mildred's for their willing participation and ability as a drawing card on these occasions.

At the other end of the spectrum, many debaters displayed their oratorial talents with flair and aplomb and it was this ability that enabled Appleby to win more debates than in any previous year. The greatest measure of our success must be attributed to our coach, Mr. Bill Humphreys. Without his efforts, (which he so kindly contributed to all levels of debating at Appleby) our society would simply cease to function. Thank you, sir!

And how rewarding it was! We were more successful in the Fulford Cup this year, than in any previous year, winning three of the six debates and losing the other three only by the smallest of margins.



The number of tournaments entered and of prizes won therein, stands unparalleled.

At the Appleby Invitational, a home-grown debater, Bryan Davies, won the prize for the best public speaker.

We next attended the tournament at Saint Clement's, using this as a preparatory ground, for after this date, things started to roll.

At the regionals, Ed Dickens gained a place in the Provincial Tournament. This achievement led to a seat on the Ontario

Debating Team which in turn allowed him to represent the province in the National Debating Tournament held in Winnipeg. Congratulations are certainly due for this outstanding accomplishment.

At the Ridley Tournament, Nick Waterfield (to everyone's surprise) claimed the prize as the best Opposition Speaker. At the Anderson Tournament, the Appleby Team of Bryan Davies, Chris Thompson and Nick Waterfield, took first place, with Bryan Davies winning the award for the best Government Speaker. On



the same day, at the U.C.C. function, Ed Dickens debated his way to the title of second best prepared speaker. In the final meeting of the year at U.T.S., the Appleby team of Bryan Davies, Colin Richards, and Nick Waterfield took the "Golden Turkey" for the best debating team and Nick Waterfield was awarded the title of best speaker of the tournament.

Congratulations to all those involved in any of these undertakings.

In conclusion, one simple observation will indicate the present strength of our society. The name of Appleby when associated with debating, now draws considerable praise and commendation from the hierarchy of the Ontario debaters. This

record is due to the invaluable support given by all those who have debated this year at all levels, for it is with the majority that the strength of the Society lies.

Thank you one and all, and continued success in the future; success which, with the wealth of talent now present at the School, should be yours for many years to come.

N.W.





Refund

On May 8, 1976, St. Andrew's College was again host of the Independent School One-Act Play Festival. Appleby's production of "Fool's Errand" was named Best Production at the first Festival in 1975.

This year Fritz Karinthy's "Refund" brought Appleby no special prizes, but plenty of praise from adjudicator Tony Moffat-Lynch. He like the staging and particular style imposed on the play, and complimented certain detailed points of direction.

The performers were: Bryan Davies; Alasdair Halliday; Paul Jackson; Neil Jamieson; Graham Leggat, David Suchanek and Nicholas Waterfield. The show was again produced and directed by Michael Crabb.

M.F.C.



The John Bell Chapel

Activity was the key word in the Chapel this year. The innovations of last year were continued where the regular services are interspersed with recitals, visiting choirs and plays.

During the fall term, a most unusual sermon was given by the Rev. Ralph Spence which centred on the moral, social and religious considerations taken into account in the development of national flags and heraldic symbols. The Rev. Spence is himself an authority on heraldry, being one of the two consultants of the Canadian Government. A further highlight of that term proved to be the Thanksgiving Service where numerous boys contributed vast quantities of produce for decoration. A 'home-and-away' series took place between our own chaplain and the chaplain of Lakefield College School, The Rev. Keith Gleed (an old boy of Appleby.) The reaction of the boys to Keith certainly suggests that this should become an annual exchange. The Candlelight Service, with the theme of Canadian Christmas, was once again the most attended occasion.

The winter term saw the boys of



the Junior School produce a Medieval Miracle Play under the direction of Mr. Bob Snowden. It is debatable whether the school was more impressed with the production, which was highly commendable, or the title of the play - "A Woman Taken in Adultery". The main speaker during this term was Fr. Kelly Walker, now a regular visitor to the chapel. Fr. Walker's ability to

communicate with the spoken word and the singing of his own compositions will always gain admiration from the boys. The term was truly completed when the singing of the Kingsway Symphonic Choir from Kingsway College in Oshawa left the whole school spellbound.

The highlight of the spring term was undoubtedly the return of Mr. Leslie Mackett (staff 1974/75) who once again caught the imagination of the boys with a classical recital on the piano. The remainder of the term was taken up with a sermon by the Headmaster, sermons by the Chaplain, and our own Choir.

The most encouraging aspect of chapel life is the positive response shown by so many of the boys. That, plus the increasing number of parents and visitors who attend help to make the Chapel both an active and vital part of campus life.

I.G.S.



WEDDINGS IN THE CHAPEL:

July 19, 1975 - William Frederick Shorney
and Pamela Katherine Patterson

Sept. 19, 1975 - Richard Hardman Collins
and Ute Eleonore Wohlfart

Sept. 26, 1975 - Peter Patrick Devenish
and Mary Ellen Margaret Edwards

March 20, 1976 - Michael William
DesRoches and Mary Isabel Eleanor
Dewar



HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE CHAPEL CALENDAR:

Organ Recital - Mr. John McElhiney
A Medieval Miracle Play
Kingsway Symphonic Choir
Piano Recital - Mr. Leslie W. Mackett
Services written and conducted by each
of the three Senior School Houses.



CONFIRMATION:

On Sunday February 20, 1976, the Right
Reverend John C. Bothwell, Bishop of
Niagara Diocese, confirmed:

Patrick James Bryant
Roger William Cole
John Raymond Coups
Samuel Dodson Crawford Jr.
Nigel Anthony Phillip Day
Charles Hugh Grimm
Donald Gordon Hamilton
Donald Edward Johnson
Barry John Kay
Gregory Michael Mahfood
Robert Hugh Maxwell
David James McConnell
Frank Henry Merrill
James Angus Harry Parks
David Allan Platt
Darrell Forest Smith
Michel Robert Speich
John Forster Toles
Glenn Allan Wright
John Alexander Wright

The following boys were at the Northern
Campus on Feb. 29th, and were presented
to the Bishop at St. Judes Church, Oak-
ville, On Sunday May 2nd.

William Denyes King
Daniel Gordon Sell
Paul Herbert Stoneham
Jeffrey Raymond Wannamaker

BAPTISMS IN THE CHAPEL:

Dec. 7, 1975 - Eyren Morden Davis
Feb. 27, 1976 - David James McConnell
May 2, 1976 - Daniel Gordon Sell
May 30, 1976 - Bradley Searle Turner
Rosemary Josephine Clark
June 6, 1976 - Jennifer Ann Hobbs

SPEAKERS IN THE CHAPEL:

The Rev. David Jansen
The Rev. Keith Gleed
The Rev. Ralph Spence
Fr. Kelly Walker
The Headmaster



Choir



Four carol services? Yes, it has come to this and it looks as though it will stay this way while the school numbers remain high. The theme this year was "Canadian Christmas". Solos were sung by C. Zahovksis, J. Manning and P. Stalder. Once again, Oakville Cable 10 televised selections of the service on Christmas Eve.

The choir sang a Choral Evening-song at Hamilton Cathedral on Jan. 25th. The weather was appalling, and because of this the congregation was poor but we sang well with the Magnificat and Jubilate Deo of Mr. Royse and the anthem "Lead me Lord" by Wesley with solos by T. Shaw and P. Stalder. We then sang a short recital of anthems which included Jesu, Joy of Man's desiring by Bach, settings of Ave Verum by Mozart and Elgar, Venite by D. Swann and Amazing Grace arranged by Mr. Royse. Besides the above pieces, anthems sung this year have been:

Enrich us with thy goodness - Bach
 Bitter was the night and Friday morning - Carter
 This joyful Eastertide - Wood

O Come ye Servants of the Lord
 - Tye
 Give us the wings of faith
 - Bullock
 Greater Love hath no Man
 - Ireland
 Stanford in B Flat, Evening Service with the Whole School taking part.

The chapel also had a visit from



the Kingsway Symphonic Choir who showed us what real singing is.

TREBLES

D. Copestick	N. McConnell
P. McQuhae	A. Krempulec
P. Rolin	G. Marshall
M. Duncan	M. Wilson
K. O'Hearn	J. Hamilton
J. Haldane	P. Stalder
C. Schmidt	T. Shaw
A. Sidford	J. Coups
P. Wendling	S. Taylor
B. Kay	A. Crawford
K. Thompson	C. Headley
A. Crawford-Brown	

ALTOS, TENORS AND BASSES

P. Bates	D. Hou
D. Cook	A. Yeo
P. Jackson	G. Stewart
B. Davies	A. Halliday
C. Zahovskis	J. Manning
Mr. Des Roches	J. Rosseel



Music

Once again our number of music students has risen, to a now exalted number of 112. This is due to an excellent staff, including, Mr. Bridgewater, Woodwinds, Brass and Percussion; Mr. Mallin, Guitar; Mr. Seaborn, Woodwinds; Mr. Ford, Brass; Mr. Birkett, Mrs. Isherwood, Mrs. Badame and Mrs. McConnell, Piano; Miss Schroeder, Violin; and Mr. Brown, Cello; all of whom deserve our thanks.

One can imagine the problems of slight overcrowding that arises with only eight rooms to schedule teaching and practising in, but we can say we have survived. Notably this year is the start of the Concert Band under the direction of Mr. Bridgewater. It made its first appearance on Saturday, May 29th in Chapel where they performed a couple of marches, two pieces by MacDowell and accompanied the school singing three hymns. A fine start!

We attended a concert in Hamilton Place given by the Burlington Teen Tour Band directed by Mr. Ford. This was the first time some of us had heard a full 85 piece marching band in concert and we were all duly impressed - particularly as most of the players were the same age as our students.

A.R.





Quebec Trip



During the winter half-term holiday, a group of students from the Junior and Senior Schools visited the Québec Winter Carnival. Our hotel, the Louis Hébert, was on the site of the first farm established in French Canada, and provided excellent access to the events taking place in the city. The trip provided a full barrage of the city at the height of carnival - time - there were parades, fireworks and toboggan slides.

The trip was highlighted by a lengthy trip up the St. Charles

River around the north end of the city, by the canoe race over the ice of the St. Lawrence, and by various individual outings that resulted in some fine sight-seeing. The weather was cold but the frequent brews of hot chocolate provided by Mrs. Landry and Mrs. Snowden kept everyone warm.

We returned, many of us having had, our first experience of Québec, and most of us wanting to return to the city.

R.S.



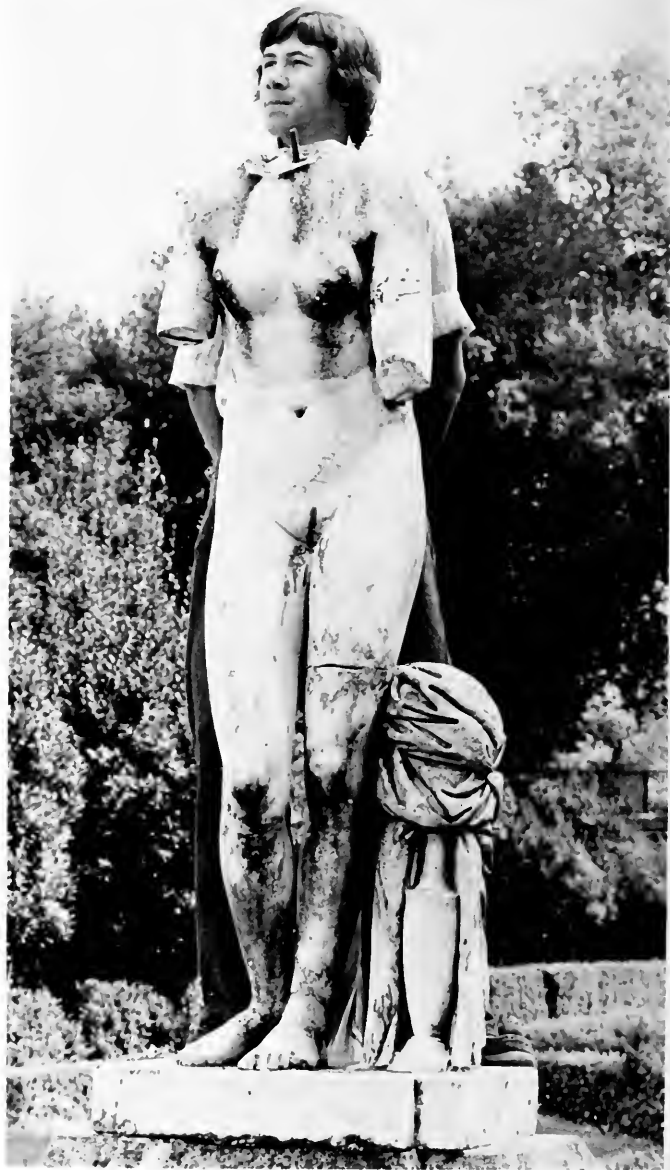
Italy Trip

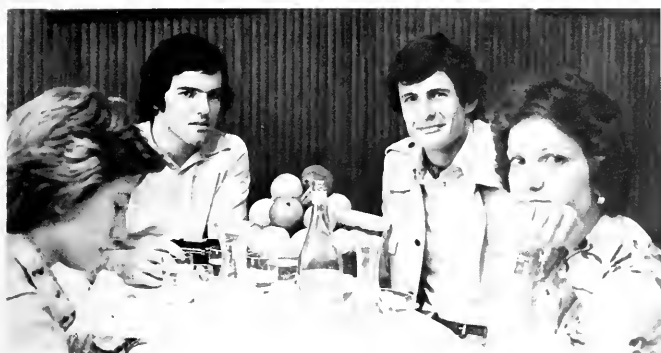
From March 19 - 28, a party of ten Appleby students, led and sometimes pursued by Mr. Crabb, visited Florence and Rome.

This group formed part of a larger tour and the Appleby students had many opportunities to form rewarding friendships with young people from other Canadian schools. The ratio of boys to girls was 2:3.

Although the time was short, the Appleby group, by striking out on its own, was able to exploit every minute to full advantage. There was a one-day excursion from Rome to Pompeii or Capri and a short stop in Siena during the drive from Florence to Rome.

Apart from the rich store of cultural attractions enjoyed by the group, there was also a succession of memorable meals eaten in delightfully characteristic restaurants and "tratorie".





Everybody seemed to respond warmly to the country and its special way of living. The sadness of having to fly back to Toronto was dispelled with happy plans of further visits yet to come.

M.F.C.



Inter-House Plays

The "Evening Extravaganza", as Appleby's first play-night was called, consisted of a play by each of the senior school houses. I found that all the plays were very interesting and easy to watch. It was obvious that a great deal of work had been put into the rehearsal and production of the plays. The audience responded, throughout the night, in a warm, enthusiastic manner.

Colley House presented "The Refund" by Fritz Karinthy. This most topical play dealt with the actions of an individual as he tried, in vain, to have his school fees refunded. He felt that he had learned nothing useful at school. All his former teachers were successful in trying to have him re-pass his final exams, by twisting all logic and reason. The final question asked of Wasserkopf resulted in a humorous ending to the play. Perhaps a fitting moral for the play's story would be "It is not what you learn in school that is important, but how you use it." Congratulations must be extended to the cast, the stage crew, and the director, Mr. Crabb, on a very successful production.

Walker House presented Acts II and III of Reginald Rose's



"Twelve Angry Men". All the actors worked well to create the tension of a jury-room containing a hung jury. Number 8's arguments were very convincing. I myself shared the belief of most of the audience that the defendant was innocent. Juror No. 3 was convincingly sceptical about the whole affair. His final outburst proved a very fine ending for the play. Juror No. 11 was most impressive in his attempts to rekindle the American dream of justice in his fellow jurors. Both the cast and the director, Mr. DesRoches must be thanked for a thoroughly entertaining play. Powell's House presented "Eros

at Breakfast" written by Robertson Davies. This play was satirical comedy. It was full of many quite humorous one-liners. The topics of girls and dances were dealt with. Any play with such content is surely a success at Appleby. The effects of first love were dealt with in a very novel fashion. The audience eavesdropped on the furor created in a boy of eighteen's system when he falls in love. Parmeno's jib was very funny. Chremes' suaveness lent an air of polish to the play. The cast, the stage crew and the director, Mr. Josselyn should be very proud of their fine production.

In conclusion, Bruce Peart, Peter-Paul Bloemen, and Robert Strudwick must be thanked for their assistance with the lighting and make-up in all the plays.



Gymnastics Club



National Debating Finals



Edward Dickens, one of our Grade 12 students, earned himself a position on the Ontario delegation to the National Student Debating Finals in Winnipeg. The Ontario team took the team trophy and swept the competition, including both the best debater and the Best Public Speaker.

At time of writing, Edward's exact scores are unknown, but we do know that he made his way to the final round of public speaking and from all reports ranked high in a strong field in the debating competition. More importantly, he had a marvellous and fascinating meeting with exceptional students from all across the country, learning, growing and enjoying himself in the process. He would like in particular to thank Mr. Humphreys who has helped him so much not only with this debate



but with all he has taken part in over the last few years. He also wants to thank the people of Winnipeg, who made the event happen on incredibly short notice.

Tournament Debaters



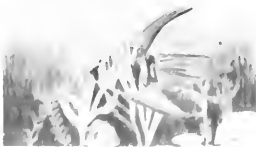
FRONT ROW: Cameron, Dickens, Waterfield, Davies, McKenzie I.
CENTRE ROW: Wolley, Stoneham, Baines, Leggat McKenzie II, Wright I.
BACK ROW: Mr. Humphreys, McBride I, Slattery I, Pendharker, Stott.

Scuba



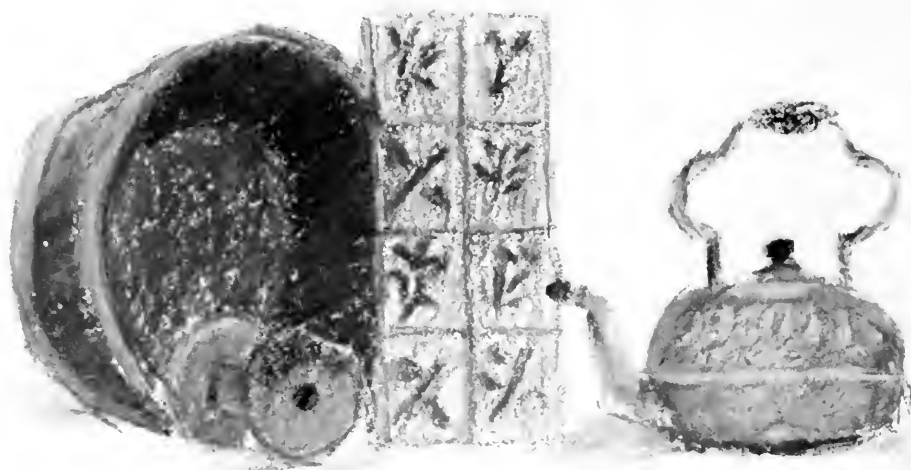


Art and Liter



a r y





Art at Appleby is alive and well and the studio is a very busy part of the school each day and most evenings. This year 55 students in the Senior school elected to take art as a credit course (and a few discovered that it was not to be an "easy credit" as they might first have thought!). Other interested students came in to work during spares and in the evenings.

In addition to these students, all the junior school have art as a part of their programme and art clubs flourish two evenings and one afternoon a week. Work of high quality has been created in pottery, plaster, print, painting, drawing, wood and other media. Most three dimensional pieces go home as gifts before we can photograph them for the "Argus".

Of added interest to the studio this year, we have a large aviary which is home to three pairs of budgerigars (who have so far not obliged us by nesting) and three aquariums where we have had success breeding a variety of tropical fish including the successful rearing of 15 bettas!

During the summer we'll all be getting our sketch books in order that we'll have lots of material to work from beginning in September.

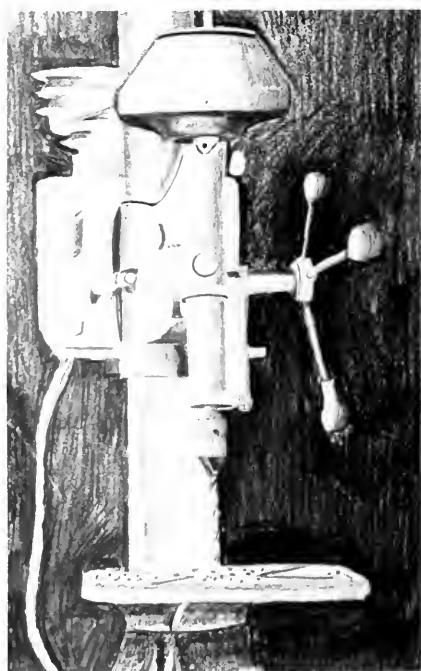


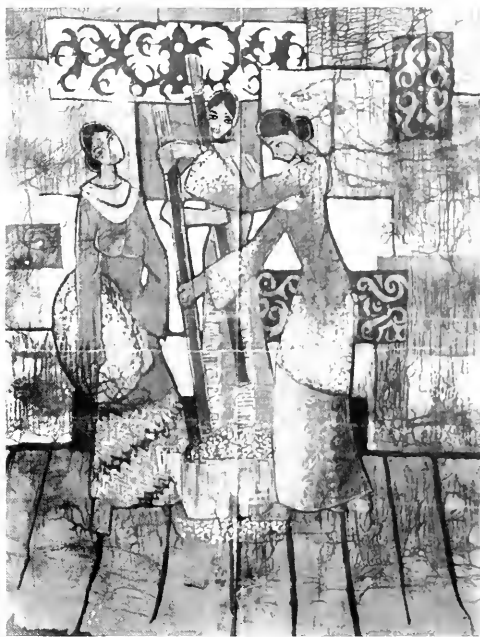


1 - 1951



ADRIAN YEO 11.







Pigeon Hawk
IAN BATTY, APRIL 1976, 4



THE BEAUTY OF LONELINESS?

In conversation, I have felt alone.
Yet in soliloquy, strangely surrounded.
I have been touched deeply by pain, while among friends.
And yet, have rejoiced in the sweetness of solitude.
What folly is this?
I speak not of madness my friend, but of truth.
For true loneliness is a desire.
A desire for intimacy once shared, but relieved by absence
Which fades the memory.
There is a sadness, however, far greater than that of which I speak,
The sadness of those who cannot feel loneliness.

A. Halliday

once.

Slightly tense but still confident, Henry waited outside the office. When he was called in, however, he received, instead of the congratulatory smile he had expected, a look of an indisputably spiteful nature. For three-quarters of one hour, he was harangued by his superior on the dangers of crossing an executive. It seemed that this particular vice-president had received a considerable amount of unpleasant feedback from his colleagues as a result of the obvious special interest of the "Big Boss" in one of his subordinates, Tibbins by name, and so, to relieve himself of this embarrassment, Tibbins was being transferred to the North Dakota office where he would be no longer troublesome.

SWEET VENGEANCE

The air-conditioning hummed persistently overhead, typewriters clattered their interminable staccato all around him, but Henry Tibbins noticed none of it. Deep within his inscrutable facade he was shrieking silently in the triumph, pounding himself on the back in congratulations and squirming, just a touch, in apprehension of what repercussions might result from his actions.

Two days before, Tibbins had come across a stack of executive memo pads and a rubber stamp of the president's signature tacked away in one of the hundreds of files in the mailroom, the only room where he was boss, (for even at home he was completely dominated by Martha). At first the discovery had seemed to be of minor importance and then, as his cramped imagination loosened its bonds slightly, the full power with which fate had entrusted him became apparent. Tentatively he tried his new wings by sending a short memo

to maintenance, commenting on the fact that certain employee washrooms, the mailroom one, for example, were generally in an unsanitary and unsafe condition. Today, just two days later, the washroom sparkled with a cleanliness it had never known before and there was toilet paper in every cubicle! What power!

As the weeks wore on, he developed an instinctive feel for the language and nuances of the executive memo. Life slowly got better for all the mailroom workers, breaks were extended, water coolers and coffee machines were installed, wages were increased and hours shortened. Tibbins even got himself a new office and even a pretty, young secretary who wiggled at him (something Martha had never done).

In short, everything was just perfect until that sultry afternoon six months after the great discovery (as he was wont to call it) when he received a memo himself from the personnel vice-president commanding his appearance at

Henry Tibbins was thunderstruck, the whole thing had fallen apart, he was ruined. Like a broken man he returned to his office to clean out his desk. As he did so, just the hint of an idea spread through his subconscious and by the time he left the building, that idea had grown into a self-satisfied smile as he thought of the last memo he had left in the internal mail basket:

FROM: THE OFFICE OF THE
PRESIDENT
RE: PERSONNEL JEALOUSY

It has regretfully come to my attention that certain of you have been engaging yourselves in a private conflict concerning my attitude towards certain minor department chiefs. If the gentleman in question has not submitted his resignation by noon tomorrow, I will be forced to take less confidential action.

Needless to say, such things cannot be allowed to continue . . .

Edward Dickens

AN IDEA FOR A STORY

It was 9:30 at night and quite dark, and I was thoughtfully making my way home, when there it was, directly facing me, the barrel of a sawn-off shot gun! Behind it, holding it tightly, the shadowy figure of a heavy set man loomed out of the bush. I stifled a yell and stood rooted to the spot, my legs feeling like heavy weights.

He nudged me with the butt of his rifle in the direction of a small trailer. He didn't speak at all, but just looked sort of blank. Then, we came to the trailer, which was quite a small, old thing and looked as though it had been there for quite a while. I wasn't really familiar with this area of Lake Scugog, but had been over visiting a cousin and was now making my way back to our family cottage which was a way down the Lake. He shoved me through the door of the trailer and followed me in. I started to speak . . . "Sit down and shut up", he growled. I almost fell into the nearest seat. I glanced around; it was a shabby old trailer. There was a stale loaf of bread on the table. I sat there, wondering if he heard my teeth chattering!

"I'm on the run", he said. "I want money and if you ain't got it you had better go and get me some, mighty quick!"

I had no choice, but to wriggle my wallet out of my pants pocket. I handed it over to him.

In it was \$25.00. "Not bad," he said.

"I was saving it for the C.N.E.," I muttered. He indicated that his case was more important.

Suddenly, the man sat down and told me he was Pete Gundy. I had just been reading in the local paper about a convict who had managed to escape from the Kingston prison and was supposed to be in the Northern Ontario district. For some reason, once he started to speak, he did not want to stop. He even told me about his rough childhood - no father, hunting around for food for the family before he was twelve years old.

"Could have been you", he said. "You are just one of the lucky ones!"

I told him he was a fool to keep on the run, but no way would he listen and told me I was a kid who would never understand what it did to someone like him brought up in the bush, to be shut away.

We seemed to have struck up a weird kind of friendship. He agreed eventually to let me go on my way home and asked me for my promise not to breathe a word about him until the next day. I said I would try. We had no phone and my mother and brother would probably be asleep by now.

We left the trailer together, and he made his way towards a rowboat at the edge of the lake. That was the last I ever saw of him. I started to walk back down the road, feeling much older and thinking, "This would make a good story!"

S. Gatrell

His heart sank as he gazed at the anxious young man who sat waiting in the lobby. Nervously he reached for a cigarette from his pocket and lit it. Then, turning away retreated down the long hallway of the hospital. He knew he shouldn't smoke there, but he did not care - he needed the relief the cigarette would give him. There was news he must tell the young man in the waiting room . . . but he couldn't find the courage to do so. He paced up and down the hall, never before had such a problem rested on his shoulders. Why was he, a first year obstetrician, placed in such an awkward position? His brow knitted as he tried desperately to think of a way out . . . but there was none. Eventually, his eyes lifted and he turned around. He was a doctor - a specialist, he had a job to do.

He proceeded back down the hall and burst through the doors of the waiting room. The younger man was startled.

"Dr. Smith!" he exclaimed, rising automatically to his feet. Smith looked at the eagerness in the boy's face.

"Poor wretched lad," he thought to himself. He could perceive the question in the young man's eyes.

"Tim", he started, "Your wife is fine."

Tim sighed with relief, then added, "But Doctor, what about our baby?"

Smith looked down. His mind was searching for words. What could he say?

"I have some good news - and some bad news", he finally said softly.

The young man peered into the obstetrician's eyes. He had prayed for weeks that his wife and he might have a healthy child - surely nothing had gone wrong now.

"Please Doctor, tell me the good news first", he choked.

Smith looked up. "Your child is not quite normal", he stuttered, then stopped.

"Go on, Doctor, please!" Tim begged.

"Your baby seems to be missing a few features"

Tim was horrified; what on earth could he mean.

"He, he what?"

"Well, he has no no arms or legs . . . in fact he has no body."

Tim was dumbfounded. What sort of a child has no body?

"Then what is he?" he asked, his eyes pleading.

"He's just a big eye."

Tim couldn't believe his ears. "I don't understand", he choked, tears collecting in his eyes: then suddenly he added, "This is the good news? Then what is the bad news?"

The doctor gazed down at the floor. "He's blind"

Richard Wilson

AT DAWN

The brothers stood, and watched the glow that swelled
And misted slowly, easily
Into the land.

Among the branches, secret birds speckled silently in the shadows
Chiselled from a heathen frost.

For a naked moment, regret quivered in the gloom, but then

The day thrust its torch into the East,

And pride surged to conceal weakness as

The elder squinted, and raised

A hand of stone.

Behind him, his brother watched the fading stars

And trembled.

Ten paces marked, ten paces called by each,

Off amongst the trees, She cried

in the shattered dawn.

Victor and vanquished, the first-born followed the dew

To where it pulsed with blood.

The day encircled him, and exploded in a thousand swirling voices

Of ridicule and sorrow, of laughter

And lament.

A sob, his first, caught and choked in his throat

As he drew aside the weeds, and found the pistol:

Still charged

But yet uncocked.

S. Roloff

At the shrill voice of my mother, scurried up several shabby, wooden steps which led from a tranquil little bay to our sorely neglected home. From the treetops, its leaky roof looked rather like a crossword puzzle for all the missing tiles. I had a small, model sailboat tucked under my arm, and as I ran across the yard, being slightly off balance because of it, stumbled, letting the boat crash to the ground. Picking it up, I brushed away the dirt and inspected it closely for any new damage. To an untrained eye, it would have been impossible to detect any change in the boat's appearance, yet I noticed another tear in the sail, as well as a small crack along the port hull.

You see, through many years of rough use, it had acquired a great number of such flaws, of which I knew every one.

It was about a foot in length, and in addition to its single mast, it had a small rudder which was held fast to the stern by a pair of upholsterer's tacks, placed strategically at either end of the shaft. It was, indeed, a sorry sight, and though I had often dreamt of owning one of the magnificent vessels in the town hobby show, I had refrained from asking mother for one, knowing it to be far beyond our means.

Glancing through the open door at the rear of our house, I saw my mother, bending over a tattered sofa, rather greyish in colour, which someone had left a day or two ago. I recall their having said that the frame was in fine condition, and could she find time to recover it, for "a small fee". Since father's death, two years ago, mother had tried hard to make ends meet in this way. Nevertheless, it had always been a struggle.

As I entered, she rose, brushing away a few stray hairs which had fallen down her forehead.

"Johnathan," she said, "I'd like you to go the grocer's this afternoon. There are several things we need, and I'll be too busy to make the trip."

I was rather surprised at this, as I had never been entrusted with such a task before. However, I tried not to show my delight, for I was overcome with a sense of maturity, and wished to appear outwardly so. Stuffing the list of necessities and a pound note in my shirt pocket, I rushed out the front door, and down the road towards the village.

As I approached the narrow rows of houses which marked the edge of town, it occurred to me that a short trip to the hobby store would not take me far from my destination. That was my initial mistake, for within a few minutes I found myself standing outside the big display window of the shop, gazing with awe and wonder at the most gorgeous ship I had ever seen.

It was a model clipper, about two feet in length, with three sets of sails, a gleaming wood finish and detail more beautiful than had seemed possible. Below the clipper, in large black letters was written: SALE - 17 / -

A multitude of thoughts raced through my mind as I felt the pound note in my pocket.

"Mum wouldn't mind", I said to myself, even though I knew that she would. "It really isn't a lot of money." Yet, I realized that it was. "I've had my old boat for years now, and I think I'm entitled to a new one. And after all, it is on sale. These chances don't come along often, and one really ought to take advantage of them."

I argued in this way for quite some time, and although I was thoroughly convinced that buying the boat was the proper

thing to do, something inside me - something which couldn't be ignored - said it was wrong.

Then I saw the clipper in all its splendour, sailing across the bay below our house. It was battling the waves, and defeating them. The sails, boasting their majestic curve, welcomed each new gust of wind, circling it round in their billows. The dark blue seas, with its foaming white caps, parted in difference before the piercing bow of the graceful craft.

I shall never forget the burning desire for reality, for a dream come true, which I felt as the picture faded from my mind.

As if in a final effort to sway me from my intentions, I saw mother, kneeling by her bed, sobbing. It was a sound which I had heard often since father's death, for I am a light sleeper, and had been awakened more than once by it. The next morning, I would rise to find her hard at work over some sort of furniture, which only the more affluent could afford to have restored to its former elegance.

The scene broke sharply from my thoughts as I once again turned my attention to the boat in the window. I hesitated a moment, searching for some irrefutable reasoning which might prompt me to do as I wished. Although I found none, good sense soon gave way to fervent desire. Throwing aside all feelings of guilt, I marched decisively through the front door of the little shop.

Returning home, I was not the proud young admiral I had hoped to be. My head was not held high, nor was my chest thrown out in an attempt to do justice to my new ship. Rather, I was ashamed of what I had done, and as I followed the winding "Ravine Road", which led to our house, I felt a growing anxiety about how I would explain my actions.

Again my thoughts turned to mother, and again I heard the sobbing. I began to see through the flimsy excuses I had heaped, one upon the other, as I had stood admiring the boat in the window. Anxiety quickly deepened into fear as thoughts of punishment rushed into my head. I began to walk faster, no, began to run as children often do when tormented by guilt or fright. When I could stand it no longer, I left the road, and rushed towards the ravine.

It was nearing suppertime, when I rounded the final bend before home, and seeing mother at the front door, I quickened my pace. My face in tears, I threw myself into her outstretched arms and began my lengthy explanation of how, upon arriving at the grocer's, and reaching into my pocket for the pound note, I had discovered it to be missing. The fact that I was late, I attributed to my having retraced my steps several times, but to no avail. The money was indeed, lost.

She kissed my forehead. "Don't worry Johnathan," she said. "We'll find some way to make it up. Now, go and clean yourself. Supper's waiting."

Walking towards the wash basin, I glanced over at the decrepit little boat, set in the corner of the room. My thought strayed to the ravine, and the once-beautiful clipper which lay in its clinging grasp, ravaged by the onrushing current.

How nice it would have been

Alasdair Halliday

THE GREAT ATTEMPT

"Two tickets for Cinema One, please," said the boy and the cashier paused. I couldn't help overhearing this, as I was next in the cinema line up.

The cashier gave the two boys a cool, long glance. "Cinema One is a restricted movie", she said.

"Restricted to what?" questioned the boy.

Impatiently she replied, "You have to be accompanied by an adult."

"Why?" said the boy.

She indicated the sign on the wall, pointing her long bright red finger nail. The sign mentioned the fact that persons under 18 had to be accompanied by an adult.

"How does that apply to us?" questioned the taller of the two boys.

"You have to be 18," said the cashier.

"How do you know we're not 18?" asked the boy. "You have not even asked us how old we are?"

"All right, how old are you?" she questioned.

"Eighteen, and my friend is 18 and four months" the boy replied. "O.K., look at these, our social insurance cards, they show that we work."

The cashier responded, "Yes, but you do not have to be 18 to have one."

"I know, but I just thought"

I listened to the conversation with some amusement, since I had then reached the great age of 21, but folk behind me were getting impatient. However, the boys were quite persistent and I couldn't help admiring their

doggedness.

Finally the cashier said, "I'll just call the manager over to settle this little matter."

The boys looked at one another and one turned to look at me.

and said, "She doesn't believe us. Would you accompany us?"

As he was standing on tiptoes, how could I resist?

S. Gatrell

JAMES HALL BROOKS IS AN UNUSUAL PERSON

James Anthony Hall Brooks is unusual. In Canada, one of the criteria of abnormality is to have been born in the province of Newfoundland. This fact that our subject was born in Goose Bay, Labrador, therefore, has obvious psychological implications about his mental capacities. There is even a peculiar aspect to his name; inherent in its hyphen, for there is none. To aggravate matters, his name is continually being misspelt. Perhaps this is the root of the problem? Does James Hall Brooks have an identity crisis? Is this lack of cohesion so evident in his surname contributive to a fractured mind? I would tend to dismiss this as mere speculation.

Were we to look more closely at the facts, however, we would indeed find something unusual with Mr. Brooks. His room is decorated in the "early Doggerel" style. On his walls, hang posters on behalf of the Progressive Conservative Party, and pictures of Napoleon Bonaparte, and a boy in the death throes of starvation. Surely THIS is the mark of an aberration of the mental processes. His library merely adds support to such a surmise, for in it are contained such dubious works as "The Theory and Practice of Guerilla Warfare", an "Introduction to Ornithology", "Watership Down", and the Holy Bible.

James Hall Brooks is also rather unusual to look at. He has that emaciated appearance characteristic of the intellectual. In accordance with this he has been bestowed with the sobriquets of "Pretzel", "String Bean" or "Stickman." Otherwise, his countenance is nondescript, excepting a ludicrous pair of glasses which are alway perched lopsidedly on the bridge of his nose.

"HB's" psychological make-up is extremely complex, however, and I doubt whether even he suspects half the truth about it. Whatever the diagnosis be, there are some decidedly unusual aspects to it. For instance, he likes Latin. He is a latent heterosexual besides, although he is apt to assign this to diffidence. His political views are somewhat suspect, as are his motives in wanting to go to England when everyone else is trying to leave that country. He abhors decadence, especially Western style. And finally, he is one of that curious breed of man or semi-man, a harrier. The cumulative result of such nonsensical traits point, almost conclusively, to the fact that there is definitely something the matter with him.

Despite all of Mr. Brooks' idiosyncracies, eccentricities, and "weird and wonderful ways", he may be consoled by the fact that he is a mere ONE one out of THOUSANDS of unusual people. It should be remembered, too, that it is these "weird" people as a whole who collectively comprise the most dubious of all classes - the average, or THE NORMAL. Abnormality is the essence of normality. Such being the case, James Anthony Hall Brooks simply reeks of it.

James Hall Brooks

MIGRATION

A presence felt but twice the year,
Shifting gently o'er the land;
Nudging, pushing, driving near
And sweeping past; her sweet command.

Strong will not hers, she was conceived
By playful gods that season sing
With breaths that toss the autumn leaves,
Yet warm the sleeping hearts of spring.

Thundr'ing prairies, pulsing and free;
Dust clouds trail the bestial stream.
She leads the charge, sweet Liberty:
The voiceless call of wilder dream.

Dark nights winging overhead,
She honks and squawks with restless soul
Crisp autumn days, her angles spread
In timeless skies of crackling gold.

Delphic priestess, goddess of birth;
In duty she breathes the mists of change,
And lifts to flee the dying earth
In search of warmth. No place retains

Her transitory touch, for she -
Is doomed to chase eternity.

S. Roloff

WHEN LIFE REJECTS ME

When life rejects me and my faith decays,
When I lose grasp of what I most desire
And hope of health submerges in the haze,
One thought sustains my spirit's fading fire.

Within my life there is one love alone
Whose peaceful warmth can fill my darkest hour,
Who raises hope where seeds were sown
And lifts me high to drift within her power.

She gives me rest when time has run its course
And living laughter when the rest is done;
She fills me with a windmill-slaying force
And sweet relaxing when the war is won.

I cannot find the limits of her heart
Nor of her love, and though I all the while
Know greater griefs each time we are apart
I find new heavens in the sunlight of her smile.

Edward Dickens

FOOL UNNUMBERED

The bell tinkled as the door opened. A man walked into the book shop and wiped his feet on the mat. His eyes quickly glanced about the aisles and summarized the picture before him - an elderly grandmother browsing among the section of children's books, two small boys looking at picture books depicting the last glorious war, and in the corner, a security policeman in black uniform leafing one of the new sensationalist paperbacks. The man checked himself subconsciously and then walked over to the counter. In front of him, stood an old whizzened man whose hair was streaked with white and whose hands were tinted by the criss-crossing of prominent grey veins.

"Good morning."

"Good morning", replied the sales clerk with a slight, nervous smile.

"I ordered a book quite some time ago. You must have it in by now. The name is Mr. Hill."

"Ah, yes." The bell tinkled again. The policeman had retired to the streets. "This is perhaps what you were looking for. Metternick's Studies. Sorry about the delay. I believe the publishers have just finished . . . moving. Here, let me wrap that for you. Nice day outside, at least the sun is still shining . . . okay. That will be twelve ninety-five, please. Enjoy your reading. Bye."

"Good bye."

Mr. Hill was in his late twenties, rather tall with dirty blond hair, and sharply cut features. He was dressed in dull-coloured clothes, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled halfway up his arms. He paused at the door, to wipe clean his glasses, then walked out into the street, the book under his arm. At the corner, he stopped to buy a newspaper, and glanced at the headlines: PRODUCTION UP 12% IN THE PAST YEAR; BRIGHTER ECONOMIC FUTURE PREDICTED. The papers were always optimistic, yet he couldn't help but notice the downcast eyes of the flower vendor and the street cleaner as they shuffled past. Where was the sparkle that had once been in their eyes? It HAD been there . . . in the early days.

In the early years people had looked up to the President as the Saviour. Indeed, most people still did. This was strange. There was no longer any rejoicing and celebrating in the streets as there has been at the Liberation. Life was hard now. True, it had been hard before, but Peter Hill was sure that it had never been as bad as this. There was so much injustice today. The promises of the early years had been broken, or at least, they had remained unfulfilled. They were like pieces of eggshell, fragments to be broken.

Vocal protests had been made . . . and silenced. The loyal opposition had asked for explanations . . . they were arrested, for treason. Crimes BY the state prompted crimes AGAINST the state. So had the underground factions been born - extreme right-wing militarism, extreme left-wing terrorism. These forces of destruction were of the same mould, it seemed, as the government in power - As Peter Hill described them, they were all one and the same book, yet each had a different cover.

Mr. Hill was an interventionist. Anathema to him were the false ideologies of evil; he would have nothing to do with them. He believed in freedom, and in justice, and in the rights of man. He knew WHAT was right, and he knew HE was right. "No, Peter Hill you are a dreamer, a mere pawn on the chessboard of reality." Peter Hill would not be stop-

ped till he had reached his goal . . . his goal was everyone's goal.

"Peter Hill - you are so naive. How can you believe that you and you and you alone are so right? Are you infallible? At the book shop, you make the connection. The information is passed on, secretly. Secretly? Peter Hill - You are so naive! In the shop, there are ears, not your own. In the street, there are eyes, not your own. Peter Hill . . . God be with you."

Mr. Hill reached the neighbourhood where he lived. On a brick wall there was a poster with the smiling face of the President. Beneath it a policeman stood, frowning. Children were playing ball in the streets. On the steps old men were playing checkers - winning, losing, shaking their heads, muttering chuckling. Mr. Hill kicked a tin can off the pavement and into the gutter, and then he ran up the steps of his boarding house. He said hello to the landlady, and she said hello back to him. At the foot of the stairs, the radio was blaring away loudly. He turned it down a bit and then ran the rest of the way up to his room. Leaving the rest of the world outside, he closed the door.

He was alone in a large, long hall. He looked around nervously. There were doors to the right of him, doors to the left of him, ahead a corridor without end. Behind the doors lurked the unknown. A noise, like the scurrying of rats in a cellar, haunted the place. Fear's claws gripped into him. His pace quickened. He cried a cry of dread. He ran, stumbling onwards in an aimless frenzy. The floor resounded with his every step. Suddenly there was the rap of knuckles on hollow board, and then again, and again, until at each door that he passed there was a knocking, the knocking of that terrible unknown. The hall seemed to vibrate with the hideous sound. What is it? The devil? A witch? Besieged by uncertainty, he fell to his knees covering his ears with his hands. He cried aloud . . .

And with a start he sat up in bed. His eyes were still numbered by sleep but he realized that he was in his own room. "Calm yourself, calm yourself." He took two deep breaths. Still trembling, he fumbled for his alarm clock, and knocked it over. Twenty past three. "Stupid fool." He cursed and sank back into his pillow.

Bang, bang, bang. There it was again. His eyes opened. There were voices outside, a man's gruff ordering and a woman in great agitation calling his name. No, he was no longer dreaming. As if a splash of ice cold water had hit him he suddenly realized what was happening. His hands reached for his spectacles. He quickly threw his dressinggown around him and rushed to the door. A shaft of light stabbed into his body.

"Oh, Mr. Hill, Mr. Hill." It was the landlady, by now very high strung.

"Mr. Hill? . . . Mr. Peter Hill? Ah, yes, . . . we would like to take you down to the station . . . for questioning". The man who spoke these words was of medium height and strong build. He was a security officer, but dressed in civilian clothes. He had heavy beetle-brows, a snub nose (broken many times by the looks of it), and a prominent capped tooth. He was smiling, unpleasantly. Behind him, stood two uniformed security policemen, tall and menacing.

"Is it me you are looking for? Surely there must be some mistake."

"We make no mistakes." One of the policemen brandished a gun, till then concealed by the shadows.

"But . . . this is ludicrous! What would you want with me?"

The officer was silent for a minute, and then with a leer, said, "We simply want . . . some information. That's all." He pulled out a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Peter Hill, you are such a fool."

The three men and their prisoner marched downstairs. The landlady sat down on the landing, and then she cried for that about which she didn't know. She heard each step that the policemen made, the boards creaking in anguish. She heard the heavy step of a man now burdened with despair. At the front door they paused for a bit. She could hear muffled words. Then, as if in explanation, she heard the officer; "Mr. Hill, you have friends. We HAVE your friends."

JAMES HALL BROOKS

IS AN UNUSUAL PERSON

John Doe is no ordinary person. He lives in a small (but comfortable) house with Mary and the two kids, pays his taxes, and maintains a steady job as shift manager in a factory producing inscription - x "m" socket, stainless steel nuts and bolts. His work is seldom demanding, and he functions from nine to five, five days a week, never calling in sick more than once a month.

At home, John is a father and a husband to be envied. With the exception of a long-forgotten lipstick-on-the-collar affair a few years ago (Miss Matthews was the cute but inefficient secretary of the old "boss"), he has always remained faithful to Mary; not ONCE in seven years of marriage has he forgotten an anniversary, or neglected to kiss Mary good-bye before leaving for work. His two sons (Jimmy, two, and John Junior, six) love and respect their father, who brings them candy every Friday, and who lets them pull his hair and climb over his knees during television commercials.

Is John informed? The sports column is always missing from the morning paper, and he watches the evening news with genuine interest and concentration whenever there are dinner dishes to be washed.

Is John cultured? He has seen every play produced by Sundale Elementary School during the past two years, and sat through "Gone with the

Wind" twice before passing judgment on the film.

Is he active in his community? Last year, he served as a cubscout pack councillor, and he shows promise as a "Lad's Leader" in the future. In fact, he is presently leading a drive aimed at replacing the tattered and faded "STOP" sign at the corner of Main and Walnut.

Does he keep physically fit? Why, he's a regular sportsman. As a member of the South Vally bowling team, he knocks down more beer than pins every Friday night. When John Jr. is a little older, he will buy the boy a rod and reel, and teach him how to "nab the big ones".

Is Mr. Doe a God-fearing man? A dedicated servant of the Lord, he attends church services every second Sunday, and thanks God for His generosity and prays for every respectable human being who has crossed his path in the previous two weeks.

Is he happy? Of course! He has a sound family, a steady job, good friends, excellent health, a car, a full-paid up house, and a television. A beautiful cheek - to - cheek smile covers his face for at least three-quarters of his waking hours.

But is he really happy? What is his purpose in life? What are his ideals? His purpose is to do what he does, and to get it done. He is not bothered by ideals. He is an element of the system that created and directs him. When he is dead, "John Doe" will be a name on a small tombstone among many other small tombstones, covered for a month with a wreath of flowers, and sprinkled for a week by Mary's tears.

How does he persevere? Why is he content? These are the essential questions, questions that not even John Doe himself can answer. He is indeed a most unusual person.

Stephen Roloff

THE STAIRCASE

Jim had been living in the small log cabin at the side of Donald Lake for the past ten years. He had had plenty of time to explore the area and was consequently known widely for his knowledge. He was a tall man, in his late thirties, with sandy brown hair and a twinkle that never left his eyes. His features were strong yet gentle in motion as would be expected from long years of hard labour. He wasn't known for his daring; that's why everyone was surprised when he said he would shoot the staircase. Of course, attempts had been made before but all had ended in failure and most of them, in death.

To Jim, rapids weren't an obstacle to be portaged around; they were a means of getting from one spot to another in a very short time. He loved the feeling being in control of the small canoe that darted for an opening between the rocks. Everytime he finished a set, no matter how small, there was a thrill of accomplishment in his heart. It was never the

same thrill twice; each time he felt better. It was this fact that worried him. How long would this go on? Would he not soon become bored? The last year had been spent turning these questions over and over in his mind until he had come to his decision. He would make one last attempt at the staircase to quench his thirst. If he made it, he could get to work on all those things he had wanted to do, and if he didn't make it, he wouldn't have to worry about anything.

It took him a month to choose his course through the maze of rocks above and below the water line. He would stick to the left bank for the first hundred yards and from there on, it would be a tangled mass of cuts and turns. If he forgot a single turn, he would be in waters he knew nothing about, and if that happened, he would certainly be battered to death, with no defence against the force of the water . . .

Jim rose with the sun to prepare for his attempt. After a hearty breakfast and last minute details, he slid his canoe into the water. Laying his paddle over the gunnels he skillfully guided himself into a comfortable kneeling position and then pushed himself into the open water. His strokes were smooth and his balance was true. He was ready.

When he reached the staircase he was surprised to see only eight people there. He didn't talk to anyone as he tightened his life jacket, and secured his spare paddle. It took only one hard stroke to set the canoe into the centre of the current. He stuck to the left bank, expertly weaving in and out of the jagged edges of the rock that lurked below the surface of the water. Before he knew it, he was into the difficult part where every ounce of skill he had was needed. The spray flew up and blocked his vision while he managed to veer to the right or left, according to where the V's led him. Boulders flashed by with a background of green as Jim's speed increased. Suddenly his paddle struck an unseen rock which caused a loss of control. The bow of the canoe glanced off a rock and was forced into the air, with half the keel out of the water the stern spun with the current, only to stop suddenly when it smashed into a sunken tree stump. Jim was thrown out of the canoe and into the cold white water without any chance of keeping control. He was dragged down the rapids bouncing from rock to rock trying to grab something. His body was bruised and beaten yet his feet still searched for support while his arms reached for nothing. But the worst was over and he was still alive. He could see the end of the staircase when he hit the rock, then all was black.

"I think he's okay", said Mr. Lafete cradling Jim's head. "He seems to be coming around."

"Thank God", murmured the small group kneeling around Jim's battered body.

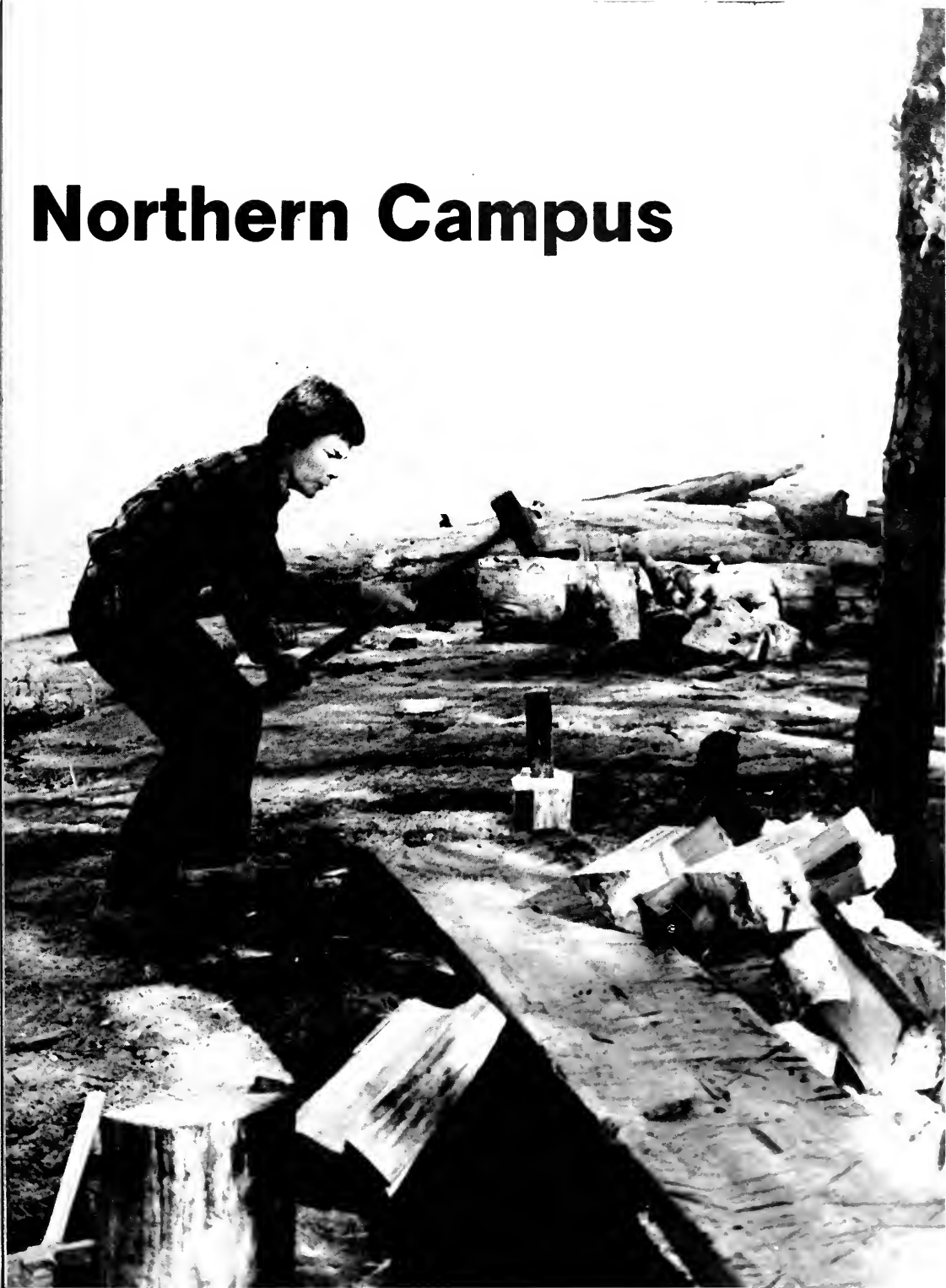
Jim's eyes slowly opened and the faint twinkle was seen by all. "I'm going to do it again", he muttered with some authority.

"Sure, sure, Jim", cooed Lafete, "just get some sleep, we'll carry you back . . ."

It is too bad that no one saw the pride in Jim's eyes when he looked up the staircase two months later. He had done it!

Ross Large

Northern Campus



Director's Report



With the Northern programme entering its third year it is essential to assess its success to this point. EDUCATION CANADA, in an article entitled "Assessing Secondary School Programmes", states: "in the past few years curriculum evaluation has received more attention in curriculum journals and text books than any other curriculum activity. One of the central problems facing evaluators derives from the absence of clear statement on what we want students to become. Essentially, the process of arriving at goals involves making value judgments on the basis of a philosophy of education - education is too often based on careless use of value judgments."

There is no question that we are in a difficult time period and that young people are having trouble grasping a basic value system. Indeed teachers are having difficulties assessing what norms to inculcate in these troubled times. However, certain basic precepts have not changed in that the nature of young people has not altered. Kurt Hahn, the famed German and British educator and founder of the Outward Bound philosophy has stated: "I regard it as the foremost task of

education to ensure the survival of these qualities: an enterprising curiosity, an undefeated spirit, tenacity in pursuit, readiness for sensible self-denial, and above all compassion."

In the text, THE FORMATIVE YEARS, (Ministry of Education,) the following appeared: "If schools are to meet the societal demands of change for living in a society of the future, they must move towards a more innovative and open structure, while at the same time ensuring that the quality of our education will produce graduates who are both literate and numerate."

I believe that by following Hahn's philosophy through the innovative establishment of our Northern Campus and by further intelligent experimentation we can accomplish what we want students to become. Our aims are high and consequently we cannot expect to achieve everything overnight. There has been a definite improvement this year over last in regards to the quality of instructors and the positive effects among the Grade 10 students attending the Northern Programme. With E.R. II functioning this year, a more competent instructor with definite ideals and skills will be available for the coming year's Northern Programme. A more organized programme for the Grade 9's next year on the main campus should ensure a better qualified boy for the E. R. I programme in the North. It is essential in the future to develop greater co-ordination and understanding between the two campuses.

A major factor in the evaluation of the programme naturally has to be in the experiences shared by student and instructor and their ultimate opinion of the worth of these experiences. The

Headmaster has assured me in his conversations with returning boys from the North that their reactions are very positive. The programme will continue to thrive only if the boys retain this attitude.

Last year's article in the Argus stated our goals: "Northward Bound is an experience in living, pure and simple. We want the individual to develop inner resources through a programme of physical and mental challenge involving the out-of-doors both as a member of a team and as an individual. The mastery of employable skills is an adjunct to this process of heightened self-confidence." Education Canada, in an article entitled "Human Values Education," dealing with the goals of students in increasing their capacity for effective participation in society states two goals: "to communicate more effectively through understanding the value basis of all human transactions, and, two, to help students to perceive 'connections' (i.e. values - decisions - actions - consequences) and to learn to accept responsibility for their own values, feelings and actions."

I believe in the Northern Programme that we are helping out in a major way to carry out the above goals and, at the same time, following a very important and positive trend in modern education.

K.N.



One memorable incident from my recent winter experience at Northward Bound bears repeating because, more than anything else, it proved itself an interesting example of the behavioral patterns of young people, brought up in the "Suburbia of the 1960's and 70's."

To preface the story, it is necessary to mention one of the basic rules or philosophies of Northward Bound's camping and tripping programme: "STAY TOGETHER AT ALL TIMES, SO THAT HELP MAY BE RENDERED QUICKLY TO ANYONE IN TROUBLE." This means, basically, that if you are canoeing in the autumn, when the temperature of lake-water may drop to 3° C, stay within a very short paddling distance of the other canoes so that you may either give or receive help quickly in the event of a capsize; if your group is snowshoe - tripping during the winter months, keep reasonably close, for safety's sake - it only makes sense!

The build-up to this "incident" began at a campsite on the shore of Lake Temagami's north-west Arm, on the morning that we were due to return to Rabbitnose after a double overnight. While this two-day trip had been suc-



cessful in as much as we had experienced mild sunny weather, had had a lovely campsite on the side of a hill and a good bit of excitement on our second day out I had noticed that all of the boys in my patrol were grinding rough edges on one another.

While we were experimenting with an ancient, ten by fifteen foot canvas tarp (using it as a wind-break and as a means of reflecting heat) we were much surprised to find that it had suddenly burst into flames, and consumed itself within fifteen seconds - what a sight!

On this morning particularly I heard short-tempered comments being made right and left; subtle and sometimes not so subtle "cuts" were thrown in all directions. I knew, right from the time that we awoke that morning that "my little campers" were not in one of their more charitable or co-operative moods.

"Ah, well. They'll get over it" I thought, reassuring myself of their basic good-heartedness.



We began to break camp at around 9:30 (that morning) - each individual had a job to do, be it rolling tents, packing food, cleaning up or whatever, and as things were going very slowly, I thought it necessary to provide them with a little incentive.

"Heh . . . you guys know, don't you . . . that Knobby won't give us

any lunch if we don't make it back to the Island by 12:30 . . ."

Having suddenly been made aware of the possibility of their missing a meal, ("God forbid") they got on with things at a quickened pace and soon, all but one of them was packed and ready to depart. That ONE - Richard W. came down from the campsite fifteen minutes after the others had assembled on the frozen lakeshore. Behind him he dragged what we all knew now, was the reason for his delay - a toboggan that he had jammed with tents and all kinds of other things. To top off this dishevelled heap, a cumbersome wood-burning stove made of tin was a delightful attraction. All this gear was held on to the flat sled with what looked like over a mile of butcher cord. As Richard came down to join the rest of us, his "rig" swayed noticeably back and forth, as it slid over wave-like snow drifts. It looked as though the whole load would topple at any moment - I made a mental note to remind myself to review knots with this fellow when we got back to Rabbitnose.

As it was, the load on the toboggan did not topple, and it might have been an uneventful

walk back to the island, had we not been forced to make a "bush-whack" of some 500 yards through dense tree and bush growth.

Realizing that it would be easiest to clear through in single file, I instructed the boys to go ahead, one at a time. Richard, with the toboggan, and I, as always, would bring up the rear.

"Go ahead, and we'll meet you at the other side of the bush" I told them.

To make what could be a long story short, Richard W., his toboggan, its load, and I spent the next 90 minutes pushing, pulling and carrying ourselves through 500 yards of what can, most properly, be termed as a "subarctic" jungle. Sapling pines, young cedars and once-mighty (now fallen) trees made the going quite upsettingly slow. By the time we emerged on the other side of the bush, we were tired and frustrated.

Before us was a pile of unfolded tents, torn flies, and a badly dented tin stove, and an empty toboggan, adorned with such a length of string, that it trailed all the way back into the woods from which we had just emerged. There were no other campers to



be seen, only a line of showshoe tracks heading straight for Rabbitnose Island.

After a short rest, Richard and I repacked the gear (properly this time) and then began snowshoeing towards the island.

Forty minutes later, with the island now in sight, we saw what

looked like, from that distance, the other members of our patrol, rounding the southern point of Rabbitnose, and heading towards us.



The first to reach us had only one sentence to say:

"Knobby kicked us off the island, until you guys come back."

We said nothing, and plodded ahead in somewhat feigned indignation.

The rest soon reached us. They sensed from our expressions that we were not in a talkative mood, so they kept the conversation to a minimum, and dealt with only the essentials.

"Knobby said he wouldn't give us lunch because we had left you guys behind!"



"Yea . . . he wouldn't give us lunch!"

While the boys DID do chores that afternoon, with the "nagging pains of hunger" in their stomachs, they got over their great misfortune quickly and, at the same time, managed to learn something - we never strayed apart as a group again.

Looking back on the incident, I still find it amazing that the stomachs of a fifteen year-old could exert such an over-riding control on his behaviour; they all were more concerned with making it to lunch than with waiting for and assisting us stragglers who ran into problems in the woods.

I suppose the thought of grilled cheese and hot chicken soup was just too great a temptation for them to resist. But then again, what if Richard and I had run into trouble . . . fallen through the ice, say . . .

Oh well, they learned their lesson. I guess it's all a part of growing up

J.J.R.

I'm sure that when the parents of 10E were listening to stories of daring exploits and the healthy life of Northward Bound following our two-week northern sojourn during March they were reliving the freezing cold and uncomfortable nights of their sons,



tled down to an evening highlighted by roast chicken "aux ananas", a visit by John Wright's group and extreme comfort.

The next morning, Thursday, Rob's group arrived, having spent the night nearby. The two consolidated groups dug in two more tents and made a doorway to the east side, thus forming a circle. Then, with tentpoles galore and pine boughs and nausea we built walls and roof to our camp. The woods were alive with the busy chopping of boughs and firewood. When we had finished, we had a five room shanty featuring wind-tight construction . . . well almost wind-

By night-fall our shelter was completed in every last detail. There was not a crack in the roof or wall that could give access to the slightest draft. The north and east sides were guarded by four-foot high walls made of snow blocks and a gracefully curved doorway of the same was six-feet high, representing the only opening to the impressive structure. Inside, the scene was a spectacle of cosy organization, quite unlike the average campsite. A huge pile of wood made a sitting place for Paul Manifold as well as keeping us warm throughout the windy, stormy night. It was so warm inside, that everyone was stripped down to their once - white T-Shirts. Sup-



sleeping outside in the wilds. But don't be conned! Certainly while we were on the four-day trip I can vouch that all the members of Rob Maslon and David 'Kink' Stuart's groups lived in a veritable paradise.

On Wednesday March 10, Kink's group, consisting of Don Hamilton, John Toles, Colin Richards, Andrew Newell and myself - also that merciless slavedriver Dave Stuart - set off for Base Camp at about 9:30 a.m. Six miles of snowshoeing and one lunch later, we arrived. The base camp at that time was two tents and a small stove, all dug down to the ground, but since John Wright's group, who had set it up the night before, had been pushed for daylight, it was necessary to fix things up a bit.

We dug out the tent holes a bit better and laid soft spruce boughs on the ground under the tents whose openings pointed to the stove at a 50 degree angle to each other and away from the wind. We made use of the water hole chopped in the ice and set-

tight. That evening we had spaghetti with a thick meat sauce as we bashed in the fruits of our hard labour and talked away the hours over the red-hot stove. We had all the comforts of home right in the middle of the wilderness.

Following a luxurious night we got up and set to perfecting our shelter and making a bobsled run. The run did not come out so well but the trees we cut down were readily converted into good firewood. Friday progressed at a leisurely pace - up until suppertime, I had caught Kink out of his sleeping bag only twice. One of those time was when Mr. Noble came on the snowmobile to pick up Graham Leggat who was suffering from a heavy chest cold. Mr. Noble was very impressed with our natural abode which pleased us no end.

per was a delicious mixture of maccaroni and ground beef followed by mountains of fruit preserves. Conversation lazily changed from hockey to music to food to girls then back to hockey again as the empty fruit cans piled up one by one. Some stayed up until the small hours of the morning. That evening was probably the best that any of us have ever had outdoors.

It was a great tragedy to have to pull down base camp on Saturday morning, but necessary. As we started to leave at 1:00 p.m. we could see the naked frame. More fun was awaiting us up the trail but those four days taught us all that camping is only as uncomfortable as one makes it.

C.T.



Is it not a milestone in the evolution of man when he no longer appreciates nature's artistry which in fact created himself? Cutting through the peaceful waters of a Northern Lake gives one an opportunity to experience a multitude of sounds and sights. They impress man as permanent awarenesses of consciousness. What in the drudgery of daily routine can be forgotten

suddenly becomes so very important. It is, however, unfortunate that those who often determine the fate of nature are the victims of the city life, who blindly put a price on the early morning welcome of the whiskey-jack.

It is inevitable that what will come of this exploitation shall not be favourable. Just as the

chemical balance of the human body is both intricate and sensitive, so is the balance of the human body is both intricate and sensitive, so is the balance in nature most complex and delicate. The beauty in the randomness of Nature has never ceased to inspire me.

Like seven innocent ducklings following in the wake of an experienced mother, the patrol followed their instructor into the swirl of blowing and falling snow. Breaking trail at the front of the defensive unit is hard work for the unaccustomed legs. The novelty and satisfaction of being the leader soon gives way to fatigue. Each stride reveals two sensations, uniquely different. Firstly, the shoe sinks into the powdery upper layer and then, when the full weight of the body is upon the shoe, a crusty layer gives way. The jolt of breaking the crust makes it hard to create a rhythm.

The patrol is now half-way to their destination. The conditions could neither be described as





adverse nor pleasant. If one of the members of the patrol had been asked, he would have probably replied that the conditions were "tolerable at present." The point of departure and the terminus of the group were obscured by surrounding curtains of snow. Three days earlier, a trail had been made in the very direction the group was now headed. By feeling his way along the hard packed ridge, the remains of an obliterated path, the instructor attempted to lessen the burden of breaking trail. It also serves to keep a correct course with limited use of the compass. The trying march is reaching a conclusion. Some one hundred yards up the lake and to the west is a bay. At the extreme end of this bay and hidden back away from the exposed "shoreline" is a base camp with heat and shelter. Visibility increases and the patrol fans out across the ice by order of the instructor. This is done to minimize the pressure on any one section of ice. The danger of thin ice, especially in such bays, can never be taken too lightly.

Much snow had accumulated on the evergreens surrounding the camp. This confirmed the hopes of the patrol that had situated the Base Camp. It is always best to select a spot with dense forest surrounding the camp, thus ensuring adequate shelter.

Becoming acquainted with the situation again leaves the boys gazing in all directions while the instructor formulates an efficient method of setting up camp. With enough wood for meals, a tent, and more appealing, a wood burning stove inside that tent, the procedure is reasonably easy.

It is still day but a penetrating chill warns us all that night is approaching. Food must be prepared while the sun still permits the chef enough light to observe his masterpiece. All huddle around an assuring fire in readiness for the meal.

An entree of hot soup followed

by a meaty stew satisfies the campers. Nighttime has come and as the burning logs become a bed of embers it is noticed by one of the boys that the wind has died. This scene, unknown to the urban man, becomes a catalyst for thought as everyone heads to the comfort of the tent.

One boy, awaiting his turn to enter, glances to the heavens and wonders what adventures tomorrow will bring.

J.W.



Of the four weeks spent at Northward Bound, the incident that is most memorable is our group solo, which happened in the last week of the winter session.

In the group solo we were sent out to find shelter and warm ourselves for twenty-four hours, without our instructors.

The site we picked was the middle of Witches' Point. We set out at 10:30, having been unnecessarily reminded to "be back for lunch" and arrived at the site at 12:00. Once we had rested, we set about our pre-arranged duties. I was called upon to collect firewood enough to fuel two fires, (one for lunch, and one for dinner) as well as wood for the reflector. Fred Reid and Segundo Mariz began to dig a pit in the snow drifts, while Paul Manifould and Michael Kent collected pine boughs for the floor of the pit. All went well for an hour, then Fred and Segundo began to have trouble digging. Unfortunately, our site was directly on top of a small evergreen forest, with the result that

digging, which at best was like shovelling sugar with a sieve, now became next to impossible.

Utilizing the axe, we cleared the pit and then everyone set to work to clear the debris left on the ground. When we finished, we were standing on a trench four feet deep and ten feet square. Satisfied, we sat down to eat lunch.

I made the reflector and began to cook our soup and sardines. One hour later, we began again.

As I mentioned before, our site was on top of a thatch of evergreen trees. Anyone who ventured forth without snowshoes would immediately vanish up to shoulder height. This was extremely annoying for Fred, who is rather small, as he vanished completely.

When Knobby and Rob visited later on, they too discovered this problem, with the result that we spent some time digging them out of the snow. Once they had left we set to work, involving the



cutting of eight poles, which were placed so as to make a sturdy frame for our tents. More firewood was cut and we unravelled the tents.

I heard what sounded like a thunderclap, and after climbing out of the pit and looking towards Rabbit Nose, I saw a large fog envelop the island. A few minutes later, a violent wind began to whip through the trees above us. It was then that I saw that what I had thought to be a fog bank, was actually an absolute barrage of snow barreling down on our unsuspecting little band.

I jumped back into the pit, shouting at people to take cover. Seconds after, we were inundated by a wall of snow that doused the fire and covered us and our belongings in a matter of minutes. We quickly threw everything (including ourselves) into the hastily assembled tents.

In twenty minutes the storm had passed, leaving no sign of its coming save a two inch covering of snow over everything. We shook the snow off the tents and then put them up properly. The firewood was soaked so we cut some more.



Soon we had a good fire roaring. As night began to fall, we settled down to eat supper. Knobby cooked a chicken that morning, so all we had to do was throw it in the fire and wait. After we had eaten the chicken, we ate our tinned supply of peaches and fruit salad and the roasted marshmallows and drank hot chocolate.

After saving a few logs for the morning, we threw the remainder onto the fire. Getting into our sleeping bags, we prepared for sleep.

That night, a north-west wind blew up, bringing with it very cold temperatures. Nevertheless, our fine shelter and roaring fire kept all of us warm throughout the entire night.

G.L.

STUDENT PRACTICUM - E.R. II, NORTHERN CAMPUS.

This spring for the first time the boys taking the Instructor Training Course spent one week at the Northern Campus putting the year's theory into practice. Myself and Mr. O'Leary were in charge of the programme. From all viewpoints it was a success: the weather was superb and the boys were eager to participate and either learn new skills or demonstrate what they already knew. Competition was keen as only nine of the nineteen boys will be selected for the instructor corps in Grade 12. The boys soon became aware of the future responsibility that they will be taking on in the coming year.

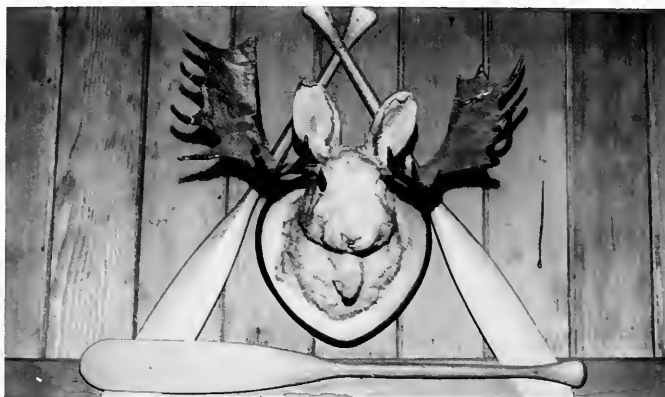
The following areas were taught and demonstrated during the time: practical geology studies as they applied to the Lake Temagami area; singles canoeing (unveiling the mastery of the 'c' stroke and a minimum of four fancy strokes plus water safety and canoe maintenance); basic northern survival involving snares, skinning and curing of animals caught, reflector baking and fire cooking, tripping organization, shelter building, axe-manship, orienteering, ropes and knots, and general campcraft; practical demonstration of first aid by the means of mock

accidents; organization and running of the northern campus including baking of breads and pastries, the preparation and cooking of all meals, maintenance and repair of buildings and boats.

I feel that, although the time was short, these boys gained valuable knowledge and a greater insight into the Outward Bound philosophy. Above all, it is the ability and willingness to get along with one's fellows under these stress conditions which proves a boy's worth in the programme. I would like to thank all those who participated in the programme during that week for their thoughtfulness, co-operation and understanding.

With the nine boys being selected for next year's instructors we should have the best results ever; I have full confidence that they will do an excellent job.

C.W. Noble(director)







Sports



Football

Firsts



FRONT ROW: Slattery II, Keates I, Wilson I, Cameron, Rosseel, Green I, Waterfield, Jamieson, Kolle.
SECOND ROW: McCarter, Stuart III, Moffat, Withey, Yustin I, Hammill, Mckenzie I, Grimes.
THIRD ROW: Gibson I, Thomson II, Hall, Harrigan, Cutler, Cheney, Paterson, Graham.
FOURTH ROW: Grimm, Crosbie, Lomas, Bethell, Hodge, Hebert I, Thompson I, Maxwell.
BACK ROW: Beatson, Mr. Larsen, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Smith, Taylor I.

For the first time in the School's history, we made football optional this year (along with soccer and cross-country running). Only time will tell whether this was a progressive step or not. Nevertheless, on the first afternoon of school this year, thirty-three boys chose to play football at the senior level and most of them appear in the photograph above.



It quickly became obvious that our season was going to be fraught with difficulties and errors because twenty-four of last year's team were not back. We did have our captain, John Rosseel, back for another year, and with the nucleus of Waterfield, Green, Wilson, Jamieson, Cameron and Taylor, we built a high-spirited team which steadily improved each game throughout the season.

It was too bad that our inexperience had to be victimized so early in the season. We played our first game at St. Andrew's, who rolled over us 49-0. The score tells it all; but the fact that they did much the same to

everybody else and were the League Champions was some consolation. Ten days later, we travelled to Ridley and by half-time, it appeared as though we were in for another trouncing. However, in the second half, we began to play together and the final score of 38-21 in Ridley's favour did not seem so bad.

An exhibition game against Lakefield turned out to be one-sided, and a disappointment for both schools. Our opponents had played a game the previous day, and we could do no wrong. The final score of 62-0 for Appleby was probably unrealistic as a measure of either team's true potential. Our next League game was against Hillfield in Hamilton. There was a strong wind blowing, it was cold and had rained most of the night before. Going into the fourth quarter, we were leading 16-14, but Hillfield had the wind and a high spirit in the last fifteen minutes, and they used both to good advantage to score three converted touchdowns and win 35-16.

Our last three games were at home and all were exciting and closely contested. Against Trinity, we unfortunately played only half a game - the first half! It is almost painful to admit it, for we were ahead 25-7 at half-time, but we ended up losing 28-25. We threw the game away with fumbles and interceptions. The following week, we had a very hard fought game with Upper Canada on a slippery, muddy field. They scored the winning touchdown in the last five minutes to win 21-16. And finally, on the last day of our season, we beat the Old Boys for the second year in a row, this time by a score of 12-9. Rick Wilson scored both of our touchdowns, one a long pass and run play, and the other on a fifty yard return of a punt.

On the scoreboard, therefore, we fared rather poorly over the season. But the 1975 football team will not be remembered for



that. They were the most determined, high-spirited and gritty team to have played for Appleby for many years, and each player found out eventually that he really did win something even in losing.

The following boys were awarded their colours: J. Rosseel, T. Green, F. Bethell, S. Hall, N. Jamieson, G. Kolle, J. McCarter, J. Slattery, N. Waterfield, and R. Wilson.

W.D.R.S.





Under 16- Undefeated!



FRONT ROW: Wilson II, Benson I, Green II, Gaskin, Leggat, Suchanek, Morrison II, Manbert, Bateman, Hogaboam, Platt I, Gibson II.

CENTRE ROW: Mr. Manbert, Stacey, Josselyn, Fulford, Stott, Benson II, Logan II, Halliday, Lytle, Roberts, Hubner, Mr. Landry.

BACK ROW: McKenzie II, Stuart IV, Beckett I, Merrill, Beasley, Woolley, Thompson II, Redmond, King, Parks, Yustin II, Sell, Kishino.



On a muggy September afternoon, about 65 boys gathered on the east football field in shorts, ready to tackle the upcoming season. After dispensing with twenty or so individuals who preferred to play soccer, we, the coaches started to assess the talents of the U16 football team. At first, both of us, Mr. Landry and myself, were somewhat

skeptical about our chances this year. We knew that this group had had a relatively successful time last year, but at the U16 level, this could easily change. We were also painfully aware that many of the boys would be leaving for our northern campus. We certainly did not feel, at the outset, that another undefeated season would unfold within eight weeks.



Perhaps the keynote of this year's offensive team was versatility. We were fortunate that no one had to go two ways but numerous changes on the line and backfield had to be made due to injuries and the northern campus. At centre was John Platt, a very willing young man who seldom made a mistake. (As I told all the offensive linemen, games are won and lost in the trenches: our winning season certainly can be attributed to the efforts of these 'unsung' heroes.)



At the guard positions, George Stott and Peter Logan and at times, Robby Manbert, all proved that effective blocking is the only way to move the ball. By far the most difficult task is pass blocking - all these people worked long and hard on each facet of the game. Our tackles, Chuck Stacey, David Suchanek, our Captain, and David Josselyn led many a quick pitch around the end and threw devastating blocks at the cornerbacks. This play, in particular, resulted in many touchdowns - one good block and the halfback was gone. Our offensive ends, Duncan Roberts and speedy Don Benson provided us with both pass catching ability and blocking efficiency.

Our flankers, Paul Bateman, Bill Beasley, Tom Lytle and Fraser McKenzie, proved to be 'double threats' in that they were all capable pass receivers as well as blockers. We were very fortunate to have two outstanding halfbacks, Dan Sell and Don Green. Danny was particularly effective inside, while Don was the source of our outside speed. They learned to use their blocking effectively, and as a result scored 112 points between them - close to half the team total. Don was the leader with 13 touchdowns in 6 games. Mark Gaskin took the reins as quarterback with an extreme air of confidence. He generally called the right play at the right time,

but often had the coaches in an uproar with some of his play selections. To all members of the offensive team I would just like to say - thank you.

D.M.

This year's defensive squad, with a good mix of experienced pros and rookies, was somewhat stingy in allowing the opposition to score. In fact, the net number of points yielded was a mere three per game and the final game of the season was the only one in which the pressure was really on the defense.

Because of various excursions to the Northern Campus, only four or five individuals played in the

same position all season. Of these, Defensive Captain and middle linebacker Keith Morrison played the most important role, for his excellent inside tackling and outside pursuit contributed greatly both in stopping our opponents and in uplifting and encouraging the rest of the unit. Al Halliday, our enthusiastic behemoth, anchored the line at middle guard and proved to one and all that he was tough enough to play this game. Well done, Al.

Interior linebackers Ashley Kishino, Tom Lytle and Dan Yustin generally shut off whatever Morrison missed, and Kishino was especially fearless in facing opposing running backs coming off-tackle. He



would likely agree that his toughest opponents all year were our own halfbacks, Green and Sell.

The corners were especially well controlled for most of the season by Rob Manbert and Graham Leggat. Both were extremely tough and both tackled with zest and efficiency. For his size, Leggat was deemed to be an admirable tackler; it's a pity that he was injured so early and then had to go North!

The remainder of the line was composed of such types as "Wild Bill" Benson, Paul Hubner, Miles "Kilometres" Hogaboam and occasionally Chuck Stacey or Peter Logan. All performed with the gusto required to survive the battle of the trenches. Richard Woolley, Pat Thompson, Bill King and Gus Parks also filled in on the line and I thank them for their hard work.

Finally, in the secondary we had Mark Wilson, Daryll Beckett, Frank Merrill, Gary Redmond, Graham Stuart and Gary Fulford. Generally, no more than three were available at any one time; therefore, all saw action and did a good job at halfback.

The year was a very successful



one indeed and everyone can be proud of the contribution made to the team's 7-0 record. Certain memories that will last: Platt waking up after ill-advisedly picking up the ball in Halliday's presence; same thing at Lakefield, with their centre hanging from the cross-bar; Manbert's season-saving tackle on the five yard line in the final minute of the final game; the line holding for two downs after this play; helmets flying in a post-season display of victorious exuberance. These are the sorts of moments to be cherished - we will remember them, we hope that you will too.

N.L.

GAME RECORD

AC	43	TCS	0
AC	65	SAC	0
AC	22	Ridley	3
AC	32	Lakefield	0
AC	46	TCS	7
AC	34	SAC	12
AC	17	Ridley	13

LEADING SCORERS

D. Green	80 pts.
D. Sell	32 pts.
D. Roberts	30 pts.
W. Beasley	30 pts.
G. Leggat	19 pts.



Under 15



FRONT ROW: Stoneham, Appleby I, Pike, Keates II, Thompson III, Hewitt, Gray II.
SECOND ROW: Hamilton II, Devitt, Harmer, Gilchrist, Green III, Arnott, Washington, Johnston.
THIRD ROW: McBride II, Coxon, Smith II, Bruce, Wannamaker, Hickling, Scott, Wright II.
BACK ROW: Mr. Turner, Mr. Singer.



The big question at the beginning of the 1975 season was whether or not this year's team could match the success of the previous season. In September, thirty rookies and one veteran appeared on the Powell's House field, knowing little of "trap blocks" and "three point stances". Between the Northern Campus and inexperience, the season looked to be a rough row to hoe.

The crucial key at this level of football is to put points on the board. The offense, led by the only returning veteran, Dave Keates, and rookie Jamie Washington, surpassed the previous year's point total by producing 228 points, an average of 25 points per game! Tim Pike provided the necessary speed for the end sweeps while Rob Hewitt churned up the tough years through the middle.

Both backs compiled over 1,000 yds. this season.

As every experienced halfback will attest to, yardage cannot be made without the men in the 'pit', where guile and determination are the keys and "own or be owned" the challenge.





Under the hot September sun, the "Novice Nine" took up the three point stance: centre Richard Hickling; tackles Jim Coxon and John Toles, guards Chris Thompson and Glenn Wright, ends Mike Appleby and Greg Beckett, and flankers Steve McBride and Dave Platt. All played admirably at positions where bruises come routinely as breathing, and whose glory is unsung.

Defence was a greater challenge. Having taken the largest members for the offence, it was decided that a quick mobile 5-5-2 "Oakhoma Shift" defence was the best choice. The defence was a complete rookie unit. Initially, terms like "the blitz" or "zone coverage" were the obscure rhetoric of "Monday Night Football". As the season progressed, what was once obscure rhetoric, became a day to day reality. Under the leadership of Gary Gray, and aided by the tenacious tackling of Dave Green, Scott Johnson and Bob Smith, the unit produced 12 interceptions, 7 fumbles, 7 quarterback sacs and 2 blocked kicks, while allowing an average of 16 points per game.

By the season's end, the record

board showed a five win, four loss season, three of those defeats by a touchdown or less. However the win-loss column was only part of the story. Two and a half months of hard effort has transformed individuals into a cohesive veteran team. It was only fitting that the last game against a somewhat strengthened Lakefield team, although a 32-27 loss, was the best game of the season.

Both coaches, Mr. Singer and Mr. Turner, thank the team for a rewarding season and the promise of success in future years.

D.S.

GAME RECORD

AC	Lakefield	49	0	Won
AC	SAC	37	6	Won
AC	Ridley	12	16	Lost
AC	Ridley	7	15	Lost
AC	UCC	14	7	Won
AC	Hillfield	7	37	Lost
AC	TCS	33	13	Won
AC	SAC	42	16	Won
AC	Lakefield	27	32	Lost



LEADING SCORERS

Hewitt	98
Pike	84
Wright	26
Keates	12



S o c c e r

Firsts



FRONT ROW: Durrant, Bloemen II, Zahorvskis, Morgan I, Slattery I, Johnson I.
CENTRE ROW: Mr. Revill, Roloff, Taylor I, Peart I, Marsh, Klymas, Maslon.
BACK ROW: Wetmore, Vieira, VanTighem II, Mr. Larsen.

The creek field took on a completely new look in September 1975, where we were playing organized soccer at a Senior Level for the first time. We were all quite apprehensive of the standard of the league we were joining, but I venture to say that our spirit and enthusiasm overcame (to some extent) our lack of basic skills.

Soccer is not a sport in which one can put a group of people together and expect them to play with any real skill. It takes mon-



ths of coaching and effort to get anywhere at all. Our Coach, Mr. Revill, had only a couple of weeks to weld the team together before the first game. His job was momentous, but we had to start somewhere.

During our first few practices, we seemed quickly to dwindle in numbers, due to castoffs and later injuries, so our tactics had to be modified. Finally, we had a squad of fifteen. Let me tell you a bit about some of our players.

Our forwards, I believe, were very strong and fast, although not always working together. Few teams are blessed with a good left winger, and we were no exception. We experimented with Jim Wetmore, of the dazzling footwork, and Bruce Peart who had the amazing skill of running into our inside forward John Slattery. "Slatts" is one of those few players who create a breakthrough out of nothing - maybe because of his low centre of gravity.



Chris Zahovskis who played our inside right acquired skills for not heading the ball. He was, however, very adept when it came to taking corners. His foot seemed to do a better job.

The right wing position was contested by Peter Taylor, Greg Marsh and Jim Wetmore. Peter ran very quickly, usually forgetting the ball, whilst Jim showed us his dazzling footwork, only once in a while.

The halfbacks consisted of Graham Johnson, Tomas Vieira and myself, John Morgan, at centre back. Tomas played the left side rather well, and the right side too, to the consternation of Graham. Both Graham and Tomas were the backbone of our team and showed good potential for next year. Although Graham was not the tallest guy on the team, he was excellent in the air, and scored good goals from corner kicks.

We had a truly united trio at the back, with Rob Maslon or John VanTighem at leftback, Barry Durrant at centre and Howie Klymas at right back. These players worked together well,



with Howie shouting "ice it" and Rob, well I am not too sure what he said.

Maarten Bleomen, our goalkeeper was a credit to our side, a courageous and dependable member of our team. He should do well as a regular member of our team in the next few years.

If this team had been together for a few more months, we could have achieved greater success. In fact we did improve as the season progressed, not being beaten heavily at all throughout the season. I think that we surprised many of the teams we played, for we were praised on more than one occasion for our drive and sportsmanship.

Throughout the short season we learned a lot about the game, and had fun doing it. Victories were hard to come by, and our defeats were hard to accept, but



we did in a sporting fashion.

On behalf of the team, I would like to thank Mr. Revill for a pleasant soccer season.

Appleby had to start soccer some time, and we were all pleased that we were the ones to start this great sport on its way. I hope that the boys who play next year learn as much as we did, enjoy it, and have better success.



APPLEBY'S RECORD

Games Played	8
Games Won	2
Games Lost	5
Games Tied	1
Points	5
Position (of 8)	6th

Seconds



FRONT ROW: Etherington, Jackson II, Gudewill, Keil, Burke I.
CENTRE ROW: Mahfood I, McLaughlin, Bloemen I, Kacan, Large, Mr. Day.
BACK ROW: Wood I.

Looking back on the debut of soccer as an official School Sport in the Senior School at Appleby, one cannot help admitting that it got off to a stupendous start.

At the second team level, we had great spirit and enthusiasm for a game that was new to many of us, despite the stiff competition which we were up against. Most of the schools in the I.S.A.A. league had had several years of previous experience behind them, whereas this, for Appleby, was a first.

Choosing the team of eleven players sometimes proved difficult with the wide ranges of age, ability and size within the group of twenty-four players, who faithfully turned out for practice each day. However, we tried to give as many of them, as possible, a place on the team at one time or another, as they all could be counted on to go their best lick.

We played a total of ten games, winning 3, tying 3, and losing 4. The two leading scorers were Al Keil and Stu McLaughlin, at inside right and left positions. They were fed by the wings - Nick Jackson on the right, and Ross Large on the left. The half-back line, consisting of Chris Wood, at centre, flanked by Dave Kacan and Des Burke, was indeed the backbone of the team. They could be counted on to reinforce the defense as well



as assist the forwards, by scoring the odd goal for them. Behind them, we had our fearless defencesman, Rob Strudwick, Paul Etherington and myself. Steve Roloff and Peter Bloemen provided our last line of defense, as goalies, stopping many breakaways. Chris Bramall and Brad Mahfood were our backups, as some players were going to be going up to the Northern Campus, and others were injured during the course of the season. The relatively low scores in many of our games indicated that perhaps our main weakness was the lack of accuracy in shooting on the forward line. This, hopefully will come with practice in future years.

Lastly, the team would like to thank Mr. Day for his unfailing patience, both as a coach, and as a referee. We look forward to another successful season with him next year.

G. Gudewill

Cross-Country



FRONT ROW: Williams, Fournier, Keefe, VanTighem I.
 SECOND ROW: Dickens, Carpenter, Smith I, Hou, Jackson III, Duncan, Stewart II.
 THIRD ROW: Walton, Mr. Crabb.
 BACK ROW: McCulloch, Davies, Hall-Brooks, Baiz I, Boyd.

Like every other sport, Senior School Cross-Country had to adjust to the effects of the emancipation of the Footballers. It took time for students, stunned and confused by their new freedom, to percolate and settle into appropriate activities.

We lost a few strong bodies to more glamorous sports, but also gained some determined harriers.

Apart from the usual training sessions, and trips over difficult terrain, the highlights of the season were the two big inter-school meets, one at Brock University, and the other, the second I.S.A.A. Championship held here at Appleby.

The Brock Invitational is always very tough competition against large schools. Our U17 team placed 6th out of 11 and the U20 team, with Peter Taylor making a distinguished guest appearance

with the harriers, placed 6th out of 9 in a tense race.



For the I.S.A.A. Championship at Appleby, the traditional Senior School course was abandoned and a longer, more challenging, course substituted. Seven schools took part. Only three fielded teams in every event. Appleby came third, overall.





The following students (in alphabetical order) took part in the Cross-Country Running Programme during the 1975 season: Baiz I; Davies; Duncan I; Fournier; Hall-Brooks; Hou; Jackson II; Kingsley; Smith I; Taylor I; Thompson I; Van Tighem I; Walton and Williams.

M.F.C.



Firsts



FRONT ROW: Crosbie, Harrigan, Stuart II, Taylor I, Webb I, Smith I, Kollé.
CENTRE ROW: Slattery II, Lomas, Hammill, Withey, Yustin I, Johnson I, Kacan, Beasley.
BACK ROW: Klymas, Slattery I, Jamieson, Mr. Abbott.

Hockey

As I look back at the hockey season for this year, a couple of interesting thoughts come forth. To begin with, it really was "a first" for Appleby's 1st Hockey team, to do as well as they did. The usual trend was to just scrape the bottom of the League, and perhaps win the odd game with one of the Local High Schools. The year, we only lost to two of the six major I.S.A.A. competitors - Upper Canada and St. Andrew's. These particular games tended to be awfully close up until the last few minutes of the third period, when the opposing team would pop in one or two quick goals. Out of the twelve I.S.A.A. games, our record was extremely impressive; and as a result, Appleby ended up as third out of seven teams in the League.

To look at the team at the season's start, one would have said we had a small, youthful, talentless team. But as time went





by, the team began to take shape and became very productive. Ironically, the youth on our team seemed to be the individuals who had the most talent. This was evident by the fact that the "Hammill Line" turned up the most number of goals, especially during the key situations. However, before I go any further, I must mention our old dependable, Peter Lomas. He was a rookie this year, only ending up with 60 points and becoming the Most Valuable Player. He always seemed to be the saving grace, especially in a close game, when he came through with that quick slap-shot or deceptive move. If he has 60 points in Grade 11, what are we to expect by Grade 13? "Cam's Line" as it was often referred to, was one line which could always relied on for good, hard, stiff checking. When the chips were down, Cam Stuart or Neil Jamieson could frequently spark the team and get it back on an even keel once again. This and their penalty killing ability helped us in many a game.

The line of "seasoned veterans" could have only been made up of John Slattery and myself!?!

Having been on the team for four years, we felt quite at ease out on the ice this year. Although our line was not exactly permanent, with the addition or subtraction of the odd rookie, we finally started to work well together - no funny stuff, mind you! (I speak on John's behalf as well). We certainly have come a long way since we first started, four years ago on the first team, and for this, John and I can only thank Mr. Abbott.

The defence, which was just

about the most talented in the League, was one of our strong points. Dave Kacan, Dave Webb, Howie Klymas and Ron Withey are to be congratulated for their efforts and perseverance; as they faced many a three on two situation. The last but by no means the least are our two faithful goalies - Stephen Harrigan and Stu Smith. These gentlemen came out each day, had pucks fired at them left, right and centre and still kept their heads up high. With their experience and training, I am sure that the first



team should have no problem by the time next year rolls around.

To conclude, I would just like to mention that the first Hockey Team has worked hard through a long season, and has come up with some very good results. They have been the best that I have seen since I came to Appleby. Having been on the team for a while, I was able to notice a certain change in the team. This year, in particular, all players and the coach worked well together, both on and off the ice. This surely exemplifies the right attitude of a "true team".

One final note to say a word of thanks, and appreciation to our Managers, Paul Crosbie and Graham Kolle, and to our Coach, Mr. Abbott. He took us through one of our longest seasons ever; and to his and our delight it was also one of our best seasons ever.

LEADING SCORERS

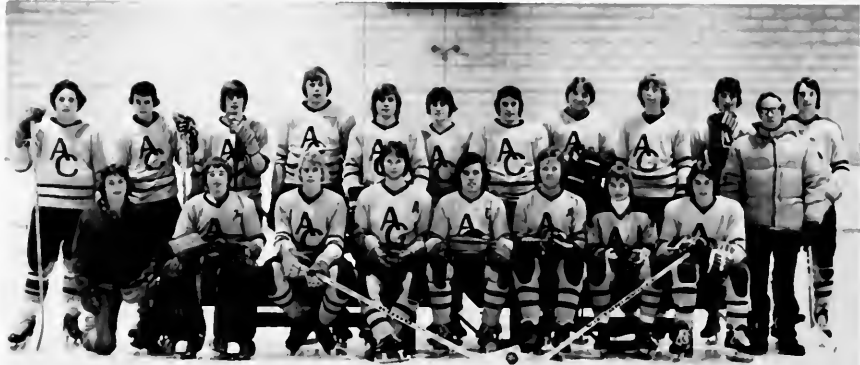
P. Lomas	60 points
J. Hammill	49 points
D. Kacan	35 points
C. Stuart	33 points

GP W L T

33 19 12 2



Seconds



FRONT ROW: Merrill, Smith I, Large, Peart I, Rosseel, Wetmore, Durrant, Green II, Mr. Manbert.
BACK ROW: Mckenzie II, Gaskin, Sutherland, Keates I, Bateman, Stuart IV, Moffat, Suchanek, Fournier, Lytle, Gibson I.

I was somewhat skeptical as this year's hockey season began, not because I was only losing a few players to the Firsts and after last year's success, this was encouraging, but I realized that the Northern Campus and sickness (which are bound to occur) might possibly negate a promising

season. We had only a week's practice before our first game against T.C.S. which we won quite handily and it appeared, after tying Lakefield and beating them soon after, that we were off to a good start. I thought that a good test of our strength would be U.C.C., our last game before

the Christmas holidays. We were behind going into the third period, after a rather rough beginning. Nevertheless, we bore down and won the game 5 - 3. After Christmas, we continued on our winning way, by beating Hillfield 6 - 4; however, the roof was about to fall in! Our record to date was 4 to 1.



Over the next 11 games, we only won two, tied 1 and lost the rest. We were hit severely by flu, the Northern Campus, improved play by our opponents and generally a lack of scoring power on our part (we were outscored 64 - 53 on the season). At one point, in a game against Ridley, we had a grand total of seven players - hardly enough to play the game. I don't like the idea of sharing goal tenders, as it never gives a team a feeling of unity, but unfortunately there was nothing we could do. To both Stuart Smith and Steve Harrigan

I thank you for a job well done under trying circumstances.

On defence we found a new body every game which can often have disastrous results. John Rosseel (our captain), Mark Gaskin, David Suchanek, Fraser McKenzie, Mike Sutherland, John Peart, Paul Bateman - a cast of thousands on defence - this was part of our problem. A constant juggling of forward lines consisted of Tom Lytle, Don Green, Lang Moffat, Barry Durrant, Lyndon Fournier, Ross



Large, Graham Stuart, David Gibson, Jim Wetmore, Bruce Peart, John Keates, Dan Hebert and some who also played defence. We never played two games with the same personnel - a factor which is bound to hurt.

I have purposely not singled anyone out for being outstanding, principally because our season was not! I would like to thank Bruce Gibson, Frank Merrill, our managers, and Ashley Kishino, our alternate goaltender for their unselfish efforts. To the whole team, thank you for what turned out to be an interesting season.

D.M.

Thirds



FRONT ROW: Hickling, McBride II, Hebert II, Wilson II, Peart II, Stevenson, Toles I.
CENTRE ROW: Hamilton II, Harmer, Day, Beckett I, Webb II, Coxon, Wright II.
BACK ROW: Mr. Landry, Stafford, Keates II, Cartotto.



Three plagues, in the form of flu, the Northern Campus, and lack of depth contributed to this year's mediocre 5-7-3 record. Although the squad played brilliantly on occasion, it was just as apt to play distressingly on others. The season, especially in the latter half of February, became excruciatingly long, and although we continued to enjoy ourselves, no one was particularly sad to see the campaign come to an end, least of all the coach who was felled once by pneumonia and on another occasion by the flu. It is a pity that hockey has to be played in such cold, damp buildings!

It is difficult to say much about our forward lines, since we rarely employed the same combinations on two consecutive occasions. The red line was composed of

McBride II, Keates II and Captain Mark Wilson, with numerous substitutions. This was our power line, as can be seen from the statistics below. The orange line of Day, Hickling and Stevenson (the latter being the most improved player on the team) was our only consistent factor, and although all three skated well and were very determined, their lack of size and strength hurt them against larger and more physical teams. The blue line was a varied mix of Stafford, Beckett I, Yustin II, Hebert II, and Hamilton II. The greatest accomplishment of any of these fine lads was achieved by Dan Hebert, who scored four goals and gave us a 7-6 victory at Crescent, after we had been down 3 - 6 in the third period!

Defensively, stalwart John Peart performed very well and gave us needed experience and puck control. Wright II, Coxon, Appleby, Webb II and Harmer also patrolled the blue line, occasionally tripping over it, but nonetheless playing very competently. Coxon and Webb in particular made considerable progress and Wright was an effective checker and stick-handler.

Toles I and Smith II performed in the nets, with Smith more often than not being the starter, although Toles played for the Lower School on numerous occasions when they were faced with bigger and considerably older opponents. Neither goalie fell into the Ken Dryden class but both gave their best at all times.

My thanks to you all for the great deal of hard work that you put

forth this season, this will eventually stand you in good stead. A special word of thanks goes to Rob Cartotto, who so conscientiously and effectively performed his duties as manager; his assistance was greatly appreciated.

N.L.



LEADING SCORERS

Player	GP	G	A	Pts.
McBride II	14	6	15	21
Keates II	12	10	10	20
Hebert II	6	7	7	14
Peart II	11	3	8	11
Wilson II	12	4	7	11
Day	15	4	7	11
Hickling	15	5	4	9
Stevenson	15	3	5	8

GAME RECORD

Played:	15
Won:	5
Lost:	7
Tied:	3

Senior League



FRONT ROW: Stacey, Beckett II, Johnston, Parks, Redmond, Arnott, Green III, Benson II, Heuton.
CENTRE ROW: Williams, Mollenhauer, Speich, Wu, Gilchrist, Johnson, Cole, Mr. O'Leary.
BACK ROW: Hubner, Bruce, McCulloch, Logan II, McCarter, Lam.

Well, we did it! We made it through the season without a fatality. We did experience a number of serious collisions though most of these were between the top of the ice and the bottom of some of our less experienced skaters. In fact we came out of the season's games with Ridley without our pride seriously injured, our records being senior squad (one tie - one loss) and junior squad (one win - one tie - one loss).

It was a season that brought the best out of a lot of boys. Herman Lam showed us the drive needed to become a good skater. Guy "Lafleur" showed us all his blistering slapshot while Dave Wu showed the courage needed to stand in front of it! In fact, Dave says he wants to try goal again next year - look out Steve. Dave "the animal" showed us that "Radar" is not the only one from Colley House who can throw his weight around. In all

the boys, the league brought out something unique, but for the sake of time and space, suffice it to say, everyone developed and tested their hockey skills in an atmosphere of enjoyment and good sportsmanship. For this reason, I must thank them all for a great season.

B. O'L.

Firsts



FRONT ROW: Waterfield, Morrison II, Pendharkar, To, Gall.
MIDDLE ROW: French, Josselyn, Hebert I.
BACK ROW: Mr. Martin, Rachmaninoff, Davies, Mr. Larsen.

On paper, perhaps, one might say that the 1975-6 edition of the First Basketball Team was rather mediocre and lacking. After all, the team had an in and out, five wins, five losses during the season, losing games figured as easy victories and never actually putting together a full four quarters of good, solid basketball. However, both the coach and players of this team felt that they really were the best of the Independent Schools' League, and indeed, but for one or two factors, we were. We were a team who had, without a doubt, the most talent, man for man, at the beginning of the season in the entire I.S.A.A. League. We had four out of five men from last year's starting line-up returning; Captain Millind Pendharkar and Vice-Captain Para To at guard, forward Nick Waterfield and centre Matt Gall. Mike Cheney was also returning, and this was the line-up that started the season in December.



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It is easy to see why there was such confidence and optimism at the beginning of the season, that last year's second place finish would be improved upon with an I.S.A.A. championship.

But incredibly, our season's chronicle reads like an accident report. Mike Cheney went out during our opener against U.C.C. with torn knee ligaments, then, Nick Waterfield was plagued by a bad knee all year, until an ankle injury put him out of action permanently. A similar fate was suffered by Eric Hebert, and both Para To and guard Keith Morrison had ankle injuries which happened near the middle of our season, and thus hampered their actual playing season. In fact, every player with the exception of Captain Pendharkar, who led a blessed life, was injured during the season, and this made winning all the more difficult.

Defensive basketball was rarely a problem with this team, as our coach, Mr. Martin, had taught us well in protecting our basket. We had, however, some difficulty in mounting a sustained attack upon the opposition's basket, and sometimes, keeping our opponents under fifty points in a game did not mean a win.

The season itself was an odd one. Even with one starter out and two injured during the U.C.C. game, we almost won, and during the next three games we won in a confident fashion, looking towards a strong finish in a run to the championship. Alas, four games in a row disappeared as losses and in the process, two more players were lost. Our last two games were victories.

Again, looking down our line-up, one cannot help but be impressed by the talent present, and Captain Pendharkar is a fine example. The most gifted and consistent shooter on the team, as well as being a good passer, playmaker and defender, for his three years at Appleby,



Milind, as he did this year, was a driving force behind the team with his fine play.

Nick Waterfield, until he was injured, was another powerful man in the Appleby line-up. His great

rebounding and hard work at either end of the court was a tremendous addition, and when he was injured, we surely missed his presence.

Vice Captain Para To, from his guard position, managed to combine speed and agility, to turn in consistently good performances and Para would have been even more effective but for his troublesome ankles. Centre Matt Gall exerted a great deal of effort for the team, and hence was the leading scorer on the club. Matt will certainly be a welcome sight next season. Keith Morrison, only in Grade Eleven, exhibited a natural shooting touch and a flair for the unusual in his offensive work. Bryan Davies and Jean-Pierre Rachmaninoff came off the bench often, and seemed to perform more competently and confidently as the season progressed.





David Josselyn and "Timmy" French also played well and provided comic relief.

And of course, there is our coach, Mr. Martin, who was always patient and who played to win under all circumstances. On the more inexperienced players, especially, he imparted a fuller understanding of the game and for his time and efforts, we extend our grateful thanks.

An outsider might remark that this is a very, glowing report for a team who won only five games, and lost the same number, but it was a season of "fun", for if we had had less injuries, and a little more offense, I am sure that the championship would have been ours.



Thirds



FRONT ROW: Washington, Spencer, Leggat, Wannamaker, Gray II.
BACK ROW: Hewitt, Newell, Manifould, Ellery, Chapman I, Baggaley, Mr. Richardson.

This year was a learning year for the majority of players on the third team. It is hoped that the players who are staying with Mr. Richardson again next year will have the game experience necessary to turn out a strong performance in the League.

This year's team played extremely well despite its inex-

perience and would probably have finished much better had it not been for the absence of the team's co-captain Graham Leggat and centre Peter Ellery through injury. The team put up extremely good competition and losing (sometimes narrowly) to all the Schools, except for Ridley and Crescent.

The highlights of the season, in everyone's mind were the games against Ridley and U.C.C.

We played at full strength at home to Ridley; having lost to them at the beginning of the season we were determined to avenge our loss. From the opening tip-off, we scored and then, went from strength to strength, winning by 9 points.

The second highlight was the game against U.C.C. Although we did not win, we fought back to almost achieve a tie. The score was 34 - 22 with a minute left to play. We started a full court press, and after Paul Manifould blocked a pass with his face, scored. We kept them bottled up in their own end, until the final buzzer sounded, scoring four more times, to bring the score to with two points.

Thanks to Mr. Richardson, and good luck next season.



Firsts



FRONT ROW: Harnden, Mckenzie I, Reid.
BACK ROW: Benson I, Mr. Larsen, Gudewill.

This past Squash Season was a most promising one for Appleby. The School was well represented by F. Reid, P. Harnden, I. Mackenzie (Capt.), D. Benson, G. Gudewill. Although this team was the youngest in the league, we had better results than in any previous year. For the first time since squash began at Appleby, we won the league Championship. Including exhibition matches, we lost only once, to our closest rivals, U.C.C. A great deal of credit for this success goes to our coach, Mr. Larsen.

The I.S.A.A. Tournament, held on March 6th, the climax of the season, was disappointing, considering our good league record. Unfortunately, two days before the tournament, Fred Reid, our number one player, came down with the flu. We were forced to play without him. Despite this setback, everyone played their best and enjoyed a good day of hard, competitive squash.

Individually, each team member had a successful year with respect to the achievement of personal goals. With such a high

standard of squash in the School, it was a goal in itself to stay on the first team. Fred Reid played well enough this year to attend the National Squash Tournament in Vancouver and was in fact among the top four in the Under 16 category. He and Paul Harnden won School Colours. Don Benson represented Appleby very well at the RCYC and Toronto Cricket Club Invitationals at the U16 category. Geoff Gudewill, although he made a slow start to the season, came on very well and, playing his usual steady game, was a great asset to the team.

With all our team members returning next year we can certainly look forward to another excellent season. With everyone improving their squash and, more important, enjoying themselves, I consider the past season of great benefit to all concerned.

RESULTS

vs UCC	5-6
vs Nichols	6-0
vs Ridley	3-2
vs TCS	3-2
vs Old Boys	5-0
vs UCC	1-4
vs Ridley	3-2
vs BCS	5-0

ISAA RESULTS

1. Appleby	10 pts.
2. UCC	8 pts.
3. TCS	6 pts.
4. Ridley	0 pts.

s q u a s h

Seconds



FRONT ROW: Roloff, Maslon, Green
BACK ROW: Platt I, Bramall.

The Second Team had a fine season, winning five out of their six matches, tying UCC for first place in League play. The competition among the players was tough, the order of players changing daily. The quality of play was such that at one time or another each played for the first team.

Rob Maslon played well in all his matches, and provided the experience needed by a young team. Steve Roloff and Tom Green, both playing several times for the first team, gave the punch needed at the two and three positions. Chris Bramall and John Platt certainly have a good future ahead of them, and this season their standard of play indicates a good team for years to come.

We have a great number of boys playing in the "Team

Programme" who continue to improve. With the programmes functioning now, and the continued hard work of Mr. Larsen with all the teams, squash at Appleby will reach an unbeatable level.

RESULTS

vs UCC	Won 4-1
vs Ridley	won 4-1
vs TCS	Won 5-0
vs Old Boys	Won 4-1
vs UCC	Lost 2-3
vs Ridley	Won 3-2

ISAA LEAGUE RESULTS

1. Appleby	10 points
UCC	10 points
3. TCS	2 points
4. Ridley	2 points

S w i m m i n g

Firsts I.S.A.A. Champions Kiwanis Champions



FRONT ROW: Stuart I, Wright I, Bloemen I, Morgan I.
CENTRE ROW: Mr. Berriman, Bloemen II, Burke II, Burke I, Cameron, Mr. Larsen.
BACK ROW: Wood I, Hawley, Thompson I, Manbert.

The 1975-76 season has been a remarkable one, and one in which a great deal has been achieved. The Appleby swim club in only its third full season was unbeaten in regular meets and finally won the coveted "Don Maskell" trophy at the championship meet in Toronto.

However, our success must be seen in perspective. For the first time in three years we will lose at least four of our strongest swimmers.

Team Captain - John Wright - holder of the school backstroke records in fifty and one hundred yards has led the team literally by example. Often finding himself against the strongest competition in the opposing teams, he has always turned in a strong performance.

Assistant Captain - Peter

Bloemen - has also been completely dedicated to the success of the team and has worked tirelessly at his butterfly event. The real measure of his contribution is only seen in light of the competition he has had to face both from his own teammates and the opposition.

Johnathan Morgan has been our best "all-rounder" for two seasons, and has persevered with the longest and hardest events in the programme - 200 yards freestyle and 100 yards individual medley. Johnathan takes with him the School 200 yard free-style record.

David Stuart, with John Wright, is one of the founding members of the Appleby Swim Team, who first competed individually in the I.S.A.A. championships in 1972. Since that time, David has con-



centrated on freestyle sprinting and currently holds the School 50 and 100 yard freestyle records. David Stuart and Johnathan Morgan, with David Hawley and John Wright, are the current holders of the I.S.A.A. Freestyle Relay record having smashed the previous seven year-old record by over three seconds. School Colours were re-awarded to Wright, Bloemen, Stuart and Morgan.

One of the remarkable aspects of the season has been the contribution of the younger team members. David Burke, Grade 9E, has had an outstanding season - winning for the Oakville Aquatic Club, he has broken five Ontario Provincial records in breaststroke at his age level. Swimming for the Appleby Club, he is personally undefeated and now holds two I.S.A.A. records. 100 yard breaststroke and 100 yards individual medley.

David Hawley has swum steadily all season, but illness and a late start to the season have meant that he has not been fully fit.

Desmond Burke started slowly, but soon improved his performance and has turned in a fine consistent effort. He is a good all-rounder and works very hard - much will depend on his performance next season.

Chris Wood, having worked hard and swum both 2nd and 1st team, has eventually found his sport: after several promising attempts in butterfly, suddenly, he turned in a sparkling performance to take the School Record while swimming against Ridley College.

Maarten Bloemen has dived consistently well and has made real headway with his backstroke swimming.

Although not exactly one of the youngest members of the team, Ian Cameron has struggled gamely with illness and lack of

fitness to come through finally with an outstanding performance in Toronto to take 4th place in the 100 yard breaststroke.

School Colours were awarded to: David Burke, Desmond Burke, David Hawley, and Maarten Bloemen. We are fortunate to have so many excellent young swimmers to depend upon for the following season.

In conclusion, I would single out the highlights of the season as the winning of the Kiwanis Trophy and the I.S.A.A. Championship and above all, the really great spirit and comradeship shown throughout the long and arduous training sessions. Well done, all of you.

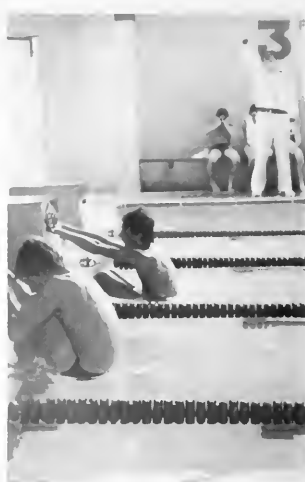
J.B.

I.S.A.A. RECORD HOLDERS:

NAME	EVENT	TIME	YEAR
John Wright David Stuart Johnathan Morgan David Hawley	200 yard Freestyle Relay	1:37:3	1976
David Burke	100 yard Breaststroke	1:06:1	1976
David Burke	Individual Medley	1:01:9	1976

SCHOOL Record Holders:

NAME	EVENT	TIME	YEAR
Maarten Bloemen David Burke Peter Bloemen David Hawley	200 yard Medley Relay	1:53:3	1976
Johnathan Morgan	200 yard Freestyle	2:01:1	1976
David Stuart	50 yard Freestyle	23:7	1976
David Burke	Breastroke	1:06:1	1976



David Burke	Individual Medley	1:01:9	1976	REGULAR MEETS		
John Wright	100 yard Backstroke	1:05:0	1976	vs. UCC	WON	57-20
				vs. SAC	WON	Not recorded
				vs. Ridley	WON	53-33
				vs. TCS	WON	68-18
David Stuart	100 yard Freestyle	53:1	1976	vs. SAC	WON	Not recorded
				vs. UCC	WON	61-24
				vs. TCS	WON	59-26
Chris Wood	50 yard Butterfly	26:8	1976	vs. Ridley	WON	58-28
John Wright	200 yard	1:37:3	1976	I.S.A.A. Finals:	Appleby	81.5
David Stuart	Freestyle				UCC	75.5
Johnathan Morgan	Relay				Ridley	58.0
David Hawley					TCS	29.0

Seconds



FRONT ROW: Thompson II, Cook, McLaughlin, Surphlis, Beatson.
CENTRE ROW: Grimm, Walton, Baines, Thomson I, Mr. Berriman.
BACK ROW: Sell, Bethune, Bundschuh, Stoneham, Jackson III.

The second team has enjoyed another highly successful season. None of our opponents was really able to match the strength and depth of Appleby's swimming, although Ridley managed to beat us in one meet when our team was without the services of McLaughlin and Surphlis.

The prospect of these boys taking their place in the first team is indeed an inviting one and will ensure several seasons of excellent competition in this sport.

Special mention - Stuart McLaughlin, individually unbeaten in two years of com-

petitive swimming: an outstanding performance. Well done, all of you!

J.B.

C r i c k e t

First



FRONT ROW: Large, Josselyn, Taylor I, Jamieson, Wetmore.
BACK ROW: Mr. Larsen, Baiz I, Gaskin, Webb I, Harrigan, Suchanek, Morrison, Mr. Dickens.
ABSENT: Dickens.



Having lost seven of last year's team, we had to look for some replacements to build into the new team, and this building took time. The "rookies" had plenty of desire but not much technique, so it was no great surprise that we started out struggling. In fact, the first game, against Mississauga, was typical of games to come. Ross Large bowled well without much luck and we could not get the opposition out. When we batted, we stayed in but no one, apart from Jim Wetmore, could score runs.

A coaches' team showed that Mr. Josselyn had not lost his touch with a bat and that Mr. Leggat had played more than soccer! Then the Oakville Captain, Mr. Logan, bowling with a hurricane behind him, was just too fast for the boys.



The Toronto Cricket Club paid us the compliment of sending a very strong team to play us. Chasing 121 runs, Wetmore and Jamieson gave us a good start, putting on 46 before being parted, but once they and Large went, our batting evaporated. After losing to Oakville B, we travelled to Ridley. On a very damp wicket, we bowled well. Large and Rick Wilson spear-headed a good opening attack, balanced by some cunning slow leg breaks by left-hander Ed Dickens. But Ridley proved to have just too many good batsmen. Then, when we batted, we proved that we had very few. Thus the half way point was the nadir of our season. We had lost four out of five and were just starting our I.S.A.A. games.

But we now began to do some things right. Against S.A.C. we bowled very effectively to get them 10 runs for 5 wickets, and skittling them out for 63. Wetmore and Large shared the wickets evenly and led us to our first win.

Our finest effort was reserved for a key game, against T.C.S. Large bowled well, starting with three maidens and giving up only 16 runs in 12 overs for two wickets. Having got them struggling we were able to use our spin bowler,

Keith Morrison who, in his finest hour, took four wickets for 15 runs. With T.C.S., all out for 71, our early batsmen, Josselyn, Taylor and Large, knocked off the runs to give us a very gratifying victory.

Next day, our hopes high, we went to U.C.C. For the first hour our hopes remained high. We had three U.C.C. batsmen out for 12 runs. But then two of their players dug in and pushed their score to 76 for 4 and 133 all out. As so often happens when we need a good start, we got a bad one. Wetmore was run out by a superb throw from the boundary, and we were in trouble. But now the younger batsmen gave us a great lift, and raised hopes for next season, by digging in and fighting for a draw. We'll all remember Harrigan's magnificent six that scattered the U.C.C. fielders. And so we finished with our best I.S.A.A. record for a long time.

Next year looks good. We should have 10 of the squad back, and with several good players coming up, it could well be "our" year.

I.S.A.A. Final Standings

School	WON	DRAWN	LOST	PTS.
Appleby	2	1	1	7
Ridley	2	1	1	7
T.C.S.	2	1	1	7
U.C.C.	2	1	1	7
S.A.C.	0	0	4	0

Batting	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Av.
Jamieson	4	0	64	16.0
Harrigan	10	2	107	13.5
Large	11	1	110	11.0
Wetmore	11	0	112	10.2
Josselyn	9	0	77	8.5
Taylor	9	1	60	7.5

Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Av.
Gaskin	7	0	30	3	10.0
Wetmore	62	6	213	16	13.3
Large	121	28	331	20	16.5
Morrison	61	4	202	11	18.5
Taylor	41	2	139	7	19.9
Dickens	23	3	80	4	20.0

Oakville Cricket Club Awards -

Most Valuable Batsman - Jim Wetmore
Most Valuable Bowler - Ross Large

J.E.D.

Seconds - Under 16



FRONT ROW: Etherington, Smith I, Gaskin, Suchanek, Josselyn, Wilson II, McLaughlin.
BACK ROW: Mr. Revill, Aleong, Burke I, Hickling, Lytle, Mahfood I, Morrison, Cameron.

This season was rather disappointing for the boys, because of the few games we managed to complete, with games cancelled, interruptions for rain and fixture chaos. Many of the team thought we should play on the Q.E.W. instead of the 22 yd. strip!

The U16 XI won the three games played quite comfortably and should develop into quite a sound side during the next two

years, as several managed to hold down a First team place later in the season. The highlight of the team's performance was a stand of 198 not out for the first wicket against London Juniors when Gaskin and Morrison were playing sensibly against rather poor inaccurate bowling. In any standard of cricket to obtain scores of this nature (against whatever opposition) gives the boys that much needed con-

fidence and the sense of personal achievement.

The side was particularly strong in bowling, with S. McLaughlin, K. Morrison, D. Suchanek and M. Wilson generally running through the sides we played. David Suchanek captained the side well, but still needs to be a better leader in the field and a more careful field placer.

Mark Gaskin, David Josselyn and Stuart McLaughlin were selected to represent the Independent Schools versus Toronto Schools.

The second XI was rather a depleted side, having few cricketers to choose from. However, they enjoyed the two games they had, even though they lost both games narrowly in hard fought finishes.

C.R.



Under 16

Played: 3
Won: 3
Lost: 0

Ridley 43
Appleby 46 - 8

Won by 2 Wickets

Appleby III - 9
T.C.S. 54
Won by 57 Runs

Appleby 198 - 0
London Juniors 28

Averages:

Batting:

Name	Inn.	Not Out	High Score	Runs	Average
Gaskin	3	1	107	153	76.50
Josselyn	2	0	23	28	14.00

K. Morrison had 3 not out innings total 89 runs, highest score 79 runs.

Bowling:

Name	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
McLaughlin	23.4	8	25	15	1.66
Suchanek	19.0	10	19	7	2.71
Wilson M.	14.0	5	28	3	9.33

Seconds:

Played: 2
Won: 0
Lost: 2

Appleby 28
U.C.C. 29 - 7
Lost by 3 Wickets

Appleby 78
T.C.S. 79 - 7
Lost by 3 Wickets

Averages:

Batting:

Name	Inn.	Not Out	High Score	Runs	Average
McLaughlin	1	0	32	32	32.00
Mahfood I	2	0	12	16	8.00
Aleong	2	0	11	13	6.50

Bowling:	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Wilson, M.	18	4	33	6	5.50
Cameron	19	6	33	4	8.25



Thirds - Under 15



FRONT ROW: Holland, Cole, Fife I, Smith II, Hueton I, Waddell, Mahfood II, Gilchrist, Green II.
BACK ROW: Wood II, Ashley, Anderson, Durst, Sutherland, Wright, Burke II, Mr. Large.

Enthusiasm, talent, and loyalty are the "ingredients" needed for a successful cricket season. With all three present this year, our success was assured. Results - five wins, one tie and two losses.

We shall always remember the infamous tie with T.C.S. at 132 runs each. An arbitrary decision of a tie was reached by the two coaches when it was discovered that the two score books did not agree. It was a very tense match indeed with the end coming on a catch by Appleby for the 10th T.C.S. wicket on the last ball of the last over as time ran out. Both teams left the field thinking that we had won by one run. Such was a lesson in the importance of accurate scoring.

The team's strength was not so much in its batting as in its bowling. Waddell, Hueton,

Wright and Sutherland all bowled at one time or another but were in need of a good spin-bowler to provide a contrast to their similar paces. Hueton and Waddell took the majority of the wickets, but towards the end of the season Glenn Wright showed great improvement and bowled for the entire final match, taking four Ridley wickets.

Our batting was not at all consistent and the team's total was usually due to individual performances. Nevertheless, Waddell, Wright and Durst usually managed to contribute to the score while the left-handed Bob Smith provided the opposing bowlers with something to think about. Mike Sutherland, on his day, looked impossible to bowl to, and in the infamous - tied match against T.C.S. he scored a hardhitting 49.

John Gilchrist kept wicket very soundly and captained the "Rookie team."

To our captain John Waddell and Vice-Captain Iain Hueton we say thank you for leading us to two victories each over Ridley and T.C.S. and one over the Toronto Cricket Club. In defeat they led a team against Ridley's U-16's and U.C.C. who showed the opposition that Appleby knows the game of Cricket. These schools will see more of us in the next four years.

F.S.L.

Open

Rugger



FRONT ROW: Wilson I, Johnson I, Mckenzie I, Kingsley, Withey, Mckenzie II.
CENTRE ROW: Mr. Washington, McCarter, Thomson II, Maslon, Rosseel, Hammill, Slattery II, Peart I, Mr. Larsen.
BACK ROW: Graham, McBride I, Hodge, Gudewill, Morgan I, Cutler, Hall, Bloemen I, Keates I.

A prophetic rugby fanatic once commented on his own game in terms of two other popular team sports.

"Cricket is a gentleman's game played by gentlemen, football is a beastly game played by beasts, while rugby is a beastly game

played by gentlemen".

Any self-proclaimed rugby player must agree that, at times, the game can accurately be described as "beastly" (this is actually one of the attractions of rugby-football for those who enjoy an organized rumble now and



then). One must also admit that the whole mental attitude of the game is drastically different than that of other "physical contests" (namely football, hockey, etc.); it is of prime importance that any fifteen men playing as a team do, indeed, play as a team. One cannot expect to see "quality" rugby played by fifteen individuals, interested in only their self-glorification. The responsibility for rucking, mauling, passing, moving the ball downfield, scoring (!), must be shared by all players, be they forwards or backs. For this reason, the game tends to be placed in a spirit of unselfishness and gentlemanly respect for the other guy, teammate and opponent alike.

Though the record of this year's open side may not appear as impressive as that of the last few seasons, we should indeed be proud that we preserved that special quality of play for which Appleby teams have gained a widespread reputation in southern Ontario.

After all, the whole point of playing the game is to enjoy it. To win is even more satisfying, but when you meet high-calibre competition you must not expect the score to tip in your favour every time! For those of you Open players - remember S.A.C.? Brantford Collegiate? Ridley? All were very closely - contested, exciting games where we saw some great rugby. To lose to these teams by a few points was, by no means, a disgrace. The experience gained by returning players will, I'm sure, be put to good use next spring when the team meets these schools again. Good luck!

Limitations of space in this year-book can not permit mention of every player who gave of his time and energy this year, but I would like to thank all you for a great season (and the best single game of rugby that I've seen played by any of the last four Appleby open teams. I'll never forget that afternoon in Port Hope!).

Special recognition should go to two of our numbers, however - Dick Wilson, our fullback who was honoured by being chosen to the All-Ontario First Fifteen, and Geoffrey Gudewill who has, thus far, made it to the final eliminations. He too, may represent the province. A hearty congratulations to both of you, and the best of luck in Winnipeg.

Finally, I would like to extend a personal word of thanks to Mr. Jim Washington. His talented and unique methods of coaching have always produced tremendous rugby teams, and we are very privileged to have him at Appleby. Over the years, he has taught me not only to play the game with some degree of proficiency, but also to enjoy it greatly - whether we win or lose. A word to future open players - never take good coaching for granted; we are very lucky at this school.

My sincere thanks, sir. It has been great.

J.J.R.



Under 17



FRONT ROW: Grimes, Green II, Platt I, Jackson II, Leggat, Merrill, Moffat, Mr. Stuart.
CENTRE ROW: Stuart I, Stacey, Surphlis, Logan II, Hubner, Bateman, Manbert, Bloemen II, McCulloch.
BACK ROW: Halliday, Keates II, Stott, Van Tighem II, Marsh.



This season's U17 team managed to keep up its tradition, by again winning the I.S.A.A. Championship. It was not an easy task, with the strong and much improved opposition that we had to face.

The first exhibition game against Ridley was not an easy win. Our forwards were given a taste of what they would have to face up to throughout most of the season. Without their strength and determination, we would surely have lost this first game.

Our second exhibition game against T.C.S. boosted our confidence greatly. At about ten minutes into the first half, something clicked and from then on, the backs, who were shaky in the previous game, were able to practically walk over the tri-line, as the score 49 - 0 indicates. This was again repeated in the game against Lakefield which we won



63 - 0 with both the backs and forwards playing at full potential.

Our next game was played against S.A.C. Unfortunately, we had lost a number of our players to the Northern Campus. Nevertheless, we walked onto a hard field in 80° weather, determined to win. An hour and a half later, we walked off with a 16 - 4 vic-

tory.

At U.C.C. the weather was just the opposite to that at S.A.C. The high winds and heavy rains did not deter us from winning an easy 33 - 0 defeat over them.

Throughout the season, we played three exhibition games against the public schools. We

found them particularly strong opposition, especially vs. Ancaster, when we lost 10 - 12. We beat Bloor Collegiate 6 - 3 but lost to the "bearded giants" of Brantford 0 - 10.

Our league game against T.C.S. was played on another hot day. We were leading 25 - 0 at the half but were bottled up in our own end for the second part of the game. We won 28 - 12 in the end.

Our last game was against Ridley. It was a crucial game because they were tied for first place with us. The forwards played their best game of the season and were able to hold against the opposition's great pressure very well. The final score was 9 - 3 and the League Championship was ours.

I feel that this season was a very rewarding one. Thanks to both the effort and great enthusiasm of all the players, a high standard of good rugby was played by all. Many thanks to Rev. Stuart and Dave for their coaching and to all the players who made this season a worthwhile experience.

N.J.



Bantams



FRONT ROW: Washington, McBride II, Stevenson, Stoneham, Johnston, Day, Wannamaker.
BACK ROW: Toles, Gray II, Beckett II, Hewitt, Pike, Coxon, Appleby, Cartotto, Mr. Day.

These fighting cocks acquitted themselves creditably during the season, though some of the team is by no means small and can hardly be regarded as bantam weight!

The group has been decimated by a variety of ailments all term, and the need for just team practice has often meant that those not selected have not had as much training as they need.

If we are to produce competent players, then we must have much more game practice - there has to be an effective opposition. Unopposed practices have generally gone well, and the basic skills have been learned. Against less skilled opposition, we have chalked up large victories which are not a true reflection of the team's ability. Against robust and aggressive op-

position, however, cohesion has disappeared, team-work has been forgotten and we have defended half-heartedly. We earned our defeats by not retaliating, by being afraid to ruck hard or to tackle a bigger or fast-moving opponent, and by slowing down our running.

That the forwards scored 21 tries to the backs' 14, demonstrates how big a share of the games they had. Tim Pike, with 11 tries, was most prominent in the live-out, where he was a real tower of strength; he ran hard, backed up well, and was the most consistent player among the forwards and the team as a whole. Gary Gray was in good form, making 12 conversions and kicking 3 penalty goals; his points show just how valuable a reliable place-kicker can be.

Paul Stoneham, captain of the side, can justly be satisfied with this team's record; it looks well for the seasons to come.

My own thanks are due to the squad for its enthusiasm and hardwork.

P.D.

Scores

v. Ancaster H.S.	40 - 0
v. Hillfield	55 - 0
v. Brantford C.I.	0 - 30
v. Ancaster H.S.	22 - 0
v. U.C.C.	10 - 4
v. Hillfield	54 - 0
v. O.T.H.S.	6 - 32

Track and Field





Tennis

As usual, we had a large number of boys wishing to play tennis. We tried to accomodate as many as possible by dividing court time into one hour blocks and running a group clinic on one of them. I want to extend a special word of thanks to Mrs. Gairdner who very kindly offered her help with the group clinic. She worked with two groups of twelve boys and they were well instructed in the fundamentals of tennis.

There was a large group of boys who were both equal in ability and quite competitive. At the top of the list was the tennis team. The positions on the team fluctuated throughout the season. However, John Ritson remained "number one" and in fact won the school championship. We were well balanced and the results of our matches were indicative of this fact, in that we were very competitive throughout the team.

Though we did not officially have a second team, a number of boys below the top six were given opportunities to compete with other schools. It was encouraging to see that these boys did very well.

In general, we have had an encouraging season of tennis. The team is the youngest we've ever had and we expect the entire team to be back next year. I feel very confident that those who did not compete with the team, made great strides towards improving their tennis through the guidance of Mrs. Gairdner.

D.L.A.



The Cross-Country Race





SENIOR SCHOOL PLACINGS

Senior Race:

First: Bryan Davies
 Second: Hugh Jackson
 Third: Mark Van Tighem

Intermediate Race:

First: Graham Leggat
 Second: David Burke
 Third: John Van Tighem

Inter-house Trophy Winner:
 Colley House



Athletic Awards 1975-76

FOOTBALL RECORD BOARD

J. Rosseel (Capt.)
T. Green
F. Bethell
I.A.G. Cameron
M. Cheney
R. Graham
S. Hall
E. Hébert
H. Hodge
N. Jamieson
G. Kolle
P. Lomas
J. McCarter
T.L. Moffat
J. Slattery II
C. Stuart
N. Waterfield
R. Wilson I

COLOURS

J. Rosseel
T. Green
F. Bethell
S. Hall
N. Jamieson
G. Kolle
J. McCarter
J. Slattery II
N. Waterfield
R. Wilson I

SOCCER RECORD BOARD

J. Morgan (Capt.)
C. Zahovskis
M. Bloemen II
B.T. Durrant
G.M. Johnson I
H.S. Klymas
R. Maslon
B.G. Peart
J. Slattery I
P.A. Taylor I
J.M. Van Tighem II
T.A. Vieira

COLOURS

J. Morgan
M. Bloemen II
G.M. Johnson I
J. Slattery I

HOCKEY RECORD BOARD

P.A. Taylor (Capt)
D. Webb
C. Stuart
J. Hammill
G. Johnson
N. Jamieson
D. Kacan
H. Klymas
P. Lomas
J.A.M. Slattery I
D.J.M. Slattery II
R. Withey

COLOURS

P.A. Taylor
D. Webb
C. Stuart
J. Hammill
G. Johnson
P. Lomas
D.J.M. Slattery II

BASKETBALL RECORD BOARD

M.M. Pendharkar (Capt)
P. To
B. Davies
M. Gall
K. Morrison II
N. Waterfield

COLOURS

M.M. Pendharkar
P. To
M. Gall
N. Waterfield

SQUASH RECORD BOARD

F.A. Reid
P.R. Harnden
I.D. McKenzie
D.F. Benson
G. Gudewill

COLOURS

F.A. Reid
P.R. Harnden

SWIMMING RECORD BOARD

J. Wright (Capt)
P.P. Bloemen
M. Bloemen
D.S. Burke
D.T. Burke
I. Cameron
D.A. Hawley
J.G. Morgan I
D. Stuart I

COLOURS

J. Wright
P.P. Bloemen
M. Bloemen
D.S. Burke
D.T. Burke
D.A. Hawley
J.G. Morgan
D. Stuart

CRICKET RECORD BOARD

P.A. Taylor (Capt)
N.M. Jamieson
J.T. Wetmore
S. Baiz
E.R. Dickens
M.G.M. Gaskin
S. Harrigan
D. Josselyn
F.R. Large
K. Morrison II
J.D. Suchanek
D. Webb

COLOURS

P.A. Taylor
N.M. Jamieson
J.T. Wetmore
F.R. Large

RUGGER RECORD BOARD

J. Rosseel
R. Maslon
P.P. Bloemen
R.D. Graham
G. Gudewill
S. Hall
G.M. Johnson
J.A. Keates
J.B. McCarter
F.R. McKenzie
I.D. McKenzie
J.G. Morgan I
D.J.M. Slattery II
R.C. Wilson I
R.J. Withey

COLOURS

J. Rosseel
R. Maslon
P.P. Bloemen
D.J.M. Slattery II





Events



Country Fair



Debating Tournament



On Saturday September 27 and Sunday, September 28, Appleby played host to its Seventh Annual Inter-School Co-ordinate Debating Tournament. We were most fortunate to have the girls from St. Mildred's as our co-hostesses. Once again, the tournament resulted in an unqualified success.

The tournament involved fifty-two debaters from twenty-six schools ranging from as far afield as Montreal and Sudbury. The debaters embroiled themselves on the Saturday in arguing both sides of the prepared resolution:

"That the Canadian Government should impose, immediately, a five year moratorium on all immigration."

The arguments presented varied in scope from ethnic humour to in-depth analysis of socio-economic characteristics, but in all, it was a popular theme. An impromptu resolution was also debated between the two prepared rounds.

We are particularly proud of our tournament for several reasons. We use the co-ordinate cross-examination format which was originally invented here seven years ago, but which is now used all over the country. The tour-

nament gives the kitchen staff an opportunity to show their very best work in providing an excellent dinner which has become a traditional fixture at these debates. There are many benefits to be derived from events of this nature, but one of the most important is the general atmosphere of the place; people not only are able to wade into deep and stimulating debates, but it leaves the first-rate debaters with a sense of achievement, comfort and pride, without a trace of anger or rivalry.

The Debating Society held a dance on the Saturday night at which almost everyone had an enjoyable time.

In conclusion, it is my privilege to thank all those who helped to put this tournament through; all the dozens who put up with our erratic (and always hectic) efforts at management, and were able, in spite of us, to serve as timers, hosts, speakers, tabulators, dance decorators and "general factotums" throughout the frantic weekend. I wish to thank Mr. Humphreys especially who put up with my mistakes and follies, convincing me that I knew what I was doing and then quietly did it himself.

Above all, I wish to extend a special thanks to Paul Jackson who put in hundreds of frustrating and boring hours of typing, duplicating, and reduplicating all the letters, programmes and other paraphernalia without which we would have been totally lost.

Generally, I can only say that this was a major success for the Society and the School and hopefully if some funds can be raised, we can do as well next year.

E.R.D.

BEST DEBATER OF THE TOURNAMENT:
James Bursey - Trinity College School

BEST EXTEMPORANEOUS PUBLIC SPEAKER:
Bryan Davies - Appleby College



Public Speaking

The evening started slightly late, due to the fact that the judges were "inconvenienced" by the Welland Canal, but after that, the programme went smoothly and entertainingly.

The first speaker on the agenda was John Rosseel who delivered a well-thought out and meaningful speech on the abuse of the Indians by the "White Men". He spoke from the point of view of an Indian lashing out against all of our wrong doings, towards the original settlers of this land, past and present. His topic was the only one of the evening which tackled a moral issue.

The second speaker was Peter Taylor who challenged our country's judicial and penal systems. He spoke of the dangers of the lawyer - psychiatrists who are blocking the way to true justice and retribution by false promises of rehabilitation. He called for a total revaluation of psychiatry's role in prisons as well as a general shape up of all such institutions.

The third speaker, Nick Waterfield, expressed openly in his talk the resentment that he personally feels towards Quebec. He spoke on the basis that the province thinks itself to be one step above the rest of Canada and he ran down a long list of controversial issues which have come out of the area. These included the Olympics, Bill 22 and bilingualism. He also was opposed to Quebec's control of parliament and the fact that Trudeau leans towards Quebec and gives the province more than its "fair share". At the end of the contest, during the judges' deliberation, Nick was put to the test by five distinguished scholars, who questioned his



right to criticize the character of Quebec, seeing as he had never been in or near it. They questioned whether his speech was composed of facts or opinions.

The fourth speaker was Jim Wetmore who gave an exceptionally well - delivered and amazing talk on two days in his life at Appleby. They were both ridiculous ordeals filled with insanities and truths with which every boy could relate. All in all, a highly entertaining topic and speech.

The fifth speaker was Rick Wilson who delivered a witty, sarcastic talk on the value, admirability and beauty of insects. He spoke of their amazing athletic and intellectual feats as well as their highly developed civilizations. He wondered at their ability to adapt to harsh conditions and warned us against a possible insect coup d'etat.

The sixth and final speech was given by Chris Zahovskis who spoke artfully on the topic of dreams. In it he pointed out many interesting points of how important our dreams may really be since we spend approximately one third of our lives asleep. He put it to us that we should try to interpret what our dreams have to say so we can get the full value out of them.

At the end of the schedule and after a lengthy and suspenseful conference of the judges the victor was announced. Jim Wetmore deserves congratulations again for his very fine speech. The competition was a complete success and praise should be given to all those who took part in the excellent show.

T.F.

"Romanoff and Juliet"



The play taken on by the Dramatic Society this year, "Romanoff and Juliet", offered its audience a different type of drama from the musicals usually seen on stage at the School. This play, by Peter Ustinov, reflects the various stupidities of international politics, but makes its statements by the vehicle of exaggerated personages going through their motions in an atmosphere of vague and remote fantasy. The satirical barbs thus strike the audience with a clarity made all the more stark by their complacency, somnolent background.

The light-hearted focus of the story was the apparently doomed love of Romanoff and Juliet, the son and daughter of the Russian and American ambassadors. Chris Zahovskis in the role of Romanoff, conveyed with consistent discipline the determined

helplessness of this Russian ideologue who has seen his world shattered and remade in an encounter with love. Maureen McIlveen walked, as Juliet is supposed to, crassly, romantically beside her Russian counterpart, contrasting his severity with flightiness. The character who brings the two of them together, and without whom all the relationships of the play would fall apart, was the General played by Milind Pendharkar. This difficult role, which necessitates an attentive toying with the audience, was handled by Milind with the affection for detail more natural to a genuine drink-carrying diplomat than to a student portraying the part - a fine achievement.

Special praise belongs to the supporting cast, who saved their roles from the danger of caricature by acting with sen-

sitivity and variety of emotion. Tim French and Edward Dickens played two soldiers with a political consciousness they could have carried in a wheelbarrow, but they gave their characters a complexity of feeling which made them real. The same can be said of Hartland Paterson and Phillipa Hall-Brooks - the American ambassador and his wife - who, while typically American, were sympathetically genuine. Charles Stacey and Elizabeth Woodliffe as Vadim and Evdokia Romanoff, the Russian opposites of the Moulsworths, depicted more than adequately the spectacle of cold politicizing brought low by sentiment. Perhaps the most drastic turnabout of the play was the one produced in "Freddie", the American boy, played by Ian Cameron, and Marfa, the female Russian army commander, played by Amanda Keay. This transformation displayed more than any other the tendency of all the characters not to conform to but, instead, to escape from their types.

The one to steal the show, however, was Alasdair Halliday in the role of the Archbishop. With his competent sidekick, a reformed spy, played expertly by Richard Wilson, the Archbishop held the stage and the audience for the entire final act, a feat achieved by the best piece of acting in the show. The skill of Alasdair's portrayal combined with the pageantry and colour of the closing, brought the play to a rewarding and satisfying conclusion. It was a night made enjoyable by the evidence of hard work from many hands showing its successful fruits on stage.

P.J.



It is now many years since that lazy but irrepressible Russian-blooded genius of the theatre, Peter Ustinov, wrote what is probably his most successful play, "Romanoff and Juliet". Its popularity both on stage and as a film may be attributed to the solidity of its dramatic architecture. It is a beautifully crafted piece of stage writing. It has a good plot. It is very clever.

What succeeds, however, on the professional stage is not

necessarily ideal material for a School Production, which makes all the more creditable and worthy the achievement of Appleby College in producing such a solidly competent and at times inspired version as that seen on the College Stage, April 22 - 24.

I suppose in a sense, you could say that Peter Ustinov cheated in stealing such a sure-sell plot as Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" but since the great bard himself was not averse to

borrowing here and there, I think he would be rather amused by the way Ustinov has made the story a vehicle for political satire. It is great fun and Appleby's boys together with the young ladies from St. Mildred's Lightbourn School obviously sensed the particular style Ustinov has given his own play.

Ustinov's demands on the resources of the actors, designers and technicians are fairly excessive and the Appleby production had to contend with these in a performing space that is woefully inadequate, for even the simplest dramatic presentation. Sight lines from the flat gymnasium floor are simply appalling, there is virtually no wing space and only the scantiest lighting equipment. From all this unpromising situation, the students contrived a technical wonder: an exposed two-storey house on either side of the stage with a fully operational clock-tower in the middle distance. Of course, the top floors nearly touched the ceiling of the stage, and nobody could enjoy the carpets which I am assured were laid for the comfort of the actors!

And what about those actors and actresses. Well of course you cannot expect uniform professional excellence from a cast of relative beginners. The remarkable thing is that a general high level of acting WAS achieved. Satirical material is not the easiest thing to handle: how well these young people understood the demands of the script!

In the cast of thirteen, certain performances stood out. Tim French and Edward Dickens as the First and Second Soldiers respectively, developed well the buffoonish nature of their roles as did Richard Wilson as the Spy.

As the American Ambassador, Hooper Moulsworth, Hartland Paterson gave an endearing performance. His pomposity was entirely appropriate to the character. The way Hartland sustained it was extraordinary.





Amongst the ladies of St. Mildred's, I was particularly taken with the carefully modulated intensity of Philippa Hall-Brooks. At times, she managed to inject a kind of controlled hysteria into the anxiety she felt for her daughter Juliet Moulsworth (played by Maureen McLieven). Amanda Keay also had come to grips with the humour in her part as Marfa Zlotochienko, the loyal party member come to correct a suspicious decadence in the household of the Russian em-

bassy to the smallest country in Europe.

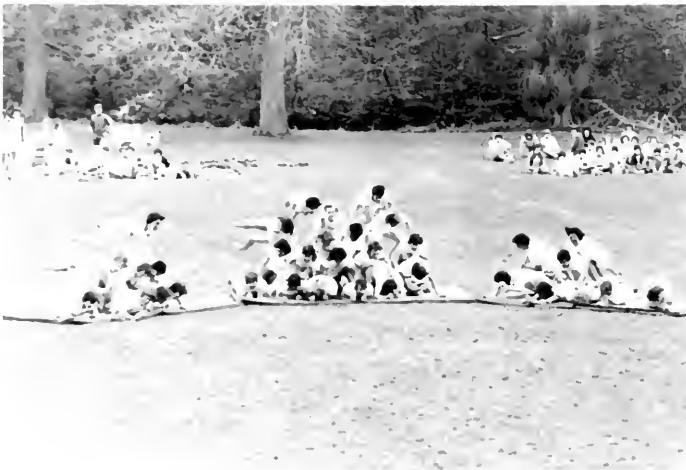
The subtle chemistry of an actor finding the essence of his part defies analysis but when it actually occurs nobody can mistake it. It certainly did happen for Alisdair Halliday as the Archbishop. This was a small but sparkling mature performance from a young actor of great promise with a natural sense of how to manage both himself and an audience.



A parting word. Congratulations to the sound man: and who put the desk upstairs in the Russian Embassy with the front facing to what would have been a wall?



Cadets







Best Cadet:
Fred Reid

Best Sergeant:
Stephen Baiz

Best Platoon:
Number Two



Sports Day



OPEN

100 yards
120 yards Hurdles
220 yards
440 yards
J.D. Carruthers Challenge Cup
for the OPEN Half Mile
G.W. Robinson Memorial Trophy
for the OPEN Mile
High Jump
Long Jump
Pole Vault
Shot Put
Discus
Cricket Ball Throw

J. Slattery I
J. Slattery I
J. Slattery I
J. Slattery I
R. Wilson I
P. Ellery
R. Wilson I
N. Waterfield

E. Walton
D. Burke II

J. Hall Brooks
M. Gall
D. Morrison I
T. Green I
R. Wilson I
R. Wilson I
R. Wilson I
M. Van Tighem I
C. Wood I 6'0"
J. Slattery I 19'0"
J. Morgan I 9'2"
F. Bethell 40'21/2"
S. Harrigan 110'8"
M. Bloemen II 325'0"

INTERMEDIATE

100 yards.
120 yd. Hurdles
220 yds.
440 yds.
Half Mile
Mile
High Jump
Long Jump
Pole Vault
Javelin
Shot Put

Don Green II
P. Ellery
D. Green II
P. Logan II
F. Mckenzie II
D. Burke
C. Wood I
C. Wood I
M. Bloemen II
C. Wood I
C. Wood I
P. Ellery
L. Stafford
J. Van Tighem II
J. Van Tighem II
D. Burke II
P. Ellery 5'11"
D. Green II 17'111/2"
J. Wannamaker 6'10"
P. Bateman 150'2"
R. Hewitt 47'8"



DISCUS

A. Halliday

C. Wood I

127' 0"

RELAY RACES

Mile Relay (4 x 440)

440 yd. Relay (4 x 110)

The W.S. Davis Cup for the
Intermediate Track Championship

Walker
Powell's

Colley
Walker

Powell's
Colley

C. Wood I
(23 pts.)

D. Green II
(14 pts.)

INTER-HOUSE

Tug-of-War

Mixed Medley Relay

Half Mile Relay

(S.W. Jamieson Cup)

The Challenge Cup for the
Inter-House Track and Field
Championship

Colley
Walker

Powell's
Colley

Walker
Powell's

Walker

Colley

Powell's

Walker
(86 pts.)

Colley
(53 pts.)

Powell's
(44 pts.)





Victor Ludorum Challenge Cup
Presented by Mrs. E.H. Ambrose

J. Slattery I
(25 pts.)

R. Wilson I
(22 pts.)

F. Bethell,
(6 pts.)

The G. Herbert Carter Award to
the outstanding athlete in
Grades 9 through 13
Old Boys Race

P. Taylor I

P. McAlister

G. Kolle



Closing Day Ceremonies



Grade 4	General Proficiency General Progress	Scott Millar Danny Hays
Grade 5	General Proficiency General Progress	Robin Tarbet Andrew Crawford
Grade 6A	General Proficiency General Progress	John New John Richardson
Grade 6B	General Proficiency General Progress	Arthur Skudra Ward Young
Grade 7A	General Proficiency General Progress	Johnathan Haldane David Distelmeyer
Grade 7B	General Proficiency General Progress	Andy Hueton Kyle O'Hearn
Grade 8A	General Proficiency General Progress	David Dorion Paul Sustronk
Grade 8B	General Proficiency General Progress	Adam Boyd Keith Stott



Junior School Reading

Gr. 4,5	Peter Robbins
Gr. 6	David Mutimer
Gr. 7	Johnathan Haldane
Gr. 8	Paul Stewart

The Andrew Gunyon Memorial Prize for best English Essay
Gr. 8 David Dorion

Shorney Award for top Scholastic Standing Gr. 8 David Dorion





TRIBAL SHIELDS

The Miss Mona Niblet Shield - Senior (U14) Boy who has contributed most to his tribe:
Eric Morgan

The Miss Rose James Shield - Junior (U12) Boy who has contributed most to his tribe:
Joey Ryan

The Boy under 10 1/2 years of age who has contributed most to his tribe:
Duncan Ross.

WINNING TRIBE

Seneca

The McBride Citizenship Cup for Junior School - Eric Morgan

Grade 8SS	General Proficiency General Progress	Mark Lakin Ian Mollenhauer
Grade 9E	General Proficiency General Progress	Iain Hueton Robert Cartotto
Grade 9A	General Proficiency General Progress	Scott Anderson Robert Smith

Grade 10E	General Proficiency General Progress	Christopher Thompson John Toles
Grade 10A1	General Proficiency General Progress	Peter Logan William King
Grade 10A2	General Proficiency General Progress	Bradley Webb Graham Stuart
Grade 11E	General Proficiency General Progress	Christopher Wood Tim French
Grade 11A1	General Proficiency General Progress	Steve Johnson Ron Withey
Grade 11A2	General Proficiency General Progress	David Wu Danny Yustin
Grade 12A1	General Proficiency	James Brown
Grade 12A2	General Proficiency	Graham Johnson



Mrs. MacInnes' Prize for Mathematics	Gr. 13 Para To Gr. 12 David Hou
The Canon J.A.M. Bell Prize for English	Gr. 13 James Hall Brooks Gr. 12 Edward Dickens
Lady Baille's Prize for Latin	Gr. 13 Charles Keefe Gr. 12 Ashley Kishino



The Headmaster's Prize for Modern History	Gr. 13 Gr. 12	John Rosseel Bryan Davies
The H.C. Hardwick Prize for French	Gr. 13 Gr. 12	Stephen Roloff Paul Jackson
Special Prize for Physics	Gr. 13 Gr. 12	Nick Waterfield Tom Green
Special Prize for Chemistry	Gr. 13 Gr. 12	Nick Waterfield Jean-Pierre Rachmaninoff
Special Prize for Biology	Gr. 13 Gr. 12	Jean-Pierre Rachmaninoff James Hall Brooks
Special Prize for Geography	Gr. 13 Gr. 12	John Rosseel Ross Large
Special Prize for Business	Gr. 12	Hartland Paterson
Special Prize for Accounting	Gr. 13	Charles Keefe
Special Prize for Economics	Gr. 13	Millind Pendharkar
Special Prize for Arts	Gr. 13	John Wright
The Keefe Prize for Music	Gr. 11	Alasdair Halliday
A.H. Campbell Memorial Gold Medal for Best English Essay in Grade 12		Edward Dickens
The Edwin Heward Memorial Prize for Public Speaking		James Wetmore
Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal for student in Grade 12, outstanding in Scholarship, Leadership and Sports during Grades 9 - 12.		Bryan Davies
The Hon. W.D. Ross Prize for Highest Standing Grade 12.		David Hou
The Hon. W.D. Ross Prize for Highest Standing in Grade 13.		Nicholas Waterfield
The Williams Award for the Grade 10 Boy who in the Scholarship and Athletics best typifies the Spirit of Appleby.		Graham Leggat
The Headmaster's Special Award (Grade 13)		Paul Jackson
The Vickers Trophy for Citizenship in the Senior School		Bryan Davies
The Governor General's Medal to the Grade 13 Student outstanding in Scholarship, Leadership, Sports and Character.		Peter Taylor
The Headmaster's Special Award (Grade 13)		John Rosseel
John Bell Shield		Walker House



Academic Honour Roll

Gold Optimates

J. Hall Brooks
E. Hebert I
M. Pendharkar
S. Roloff
J. Rosseel

P. To
N. Waterfield
B. Williams
C. Zahovskis

Optimates Sept.-June

W. Beasley
E. Dickens
T. Green I
D. Hou
N. Jamieson
A. Kishino
R. Large

J. Rachmaninoff
M. Van Tighem I
T. French
A. Halliday
A. Keil
G. Stott
C. Wood

Optimates Jan.-June

W. Beasley
E. Dickens
M. Gall
T. Green I
D. Hou
P. Jackson I
N. Jamieson
A. Kishino
R. Large
J. Rachmaninoff
D. Samaroo

M. Van Tighem I
A. Chan
T. French
A. Halliday
D. Josselyn
A. Keil
S. Robertson
G. Stott
B. Stuart
M. Thomson
C. Wood

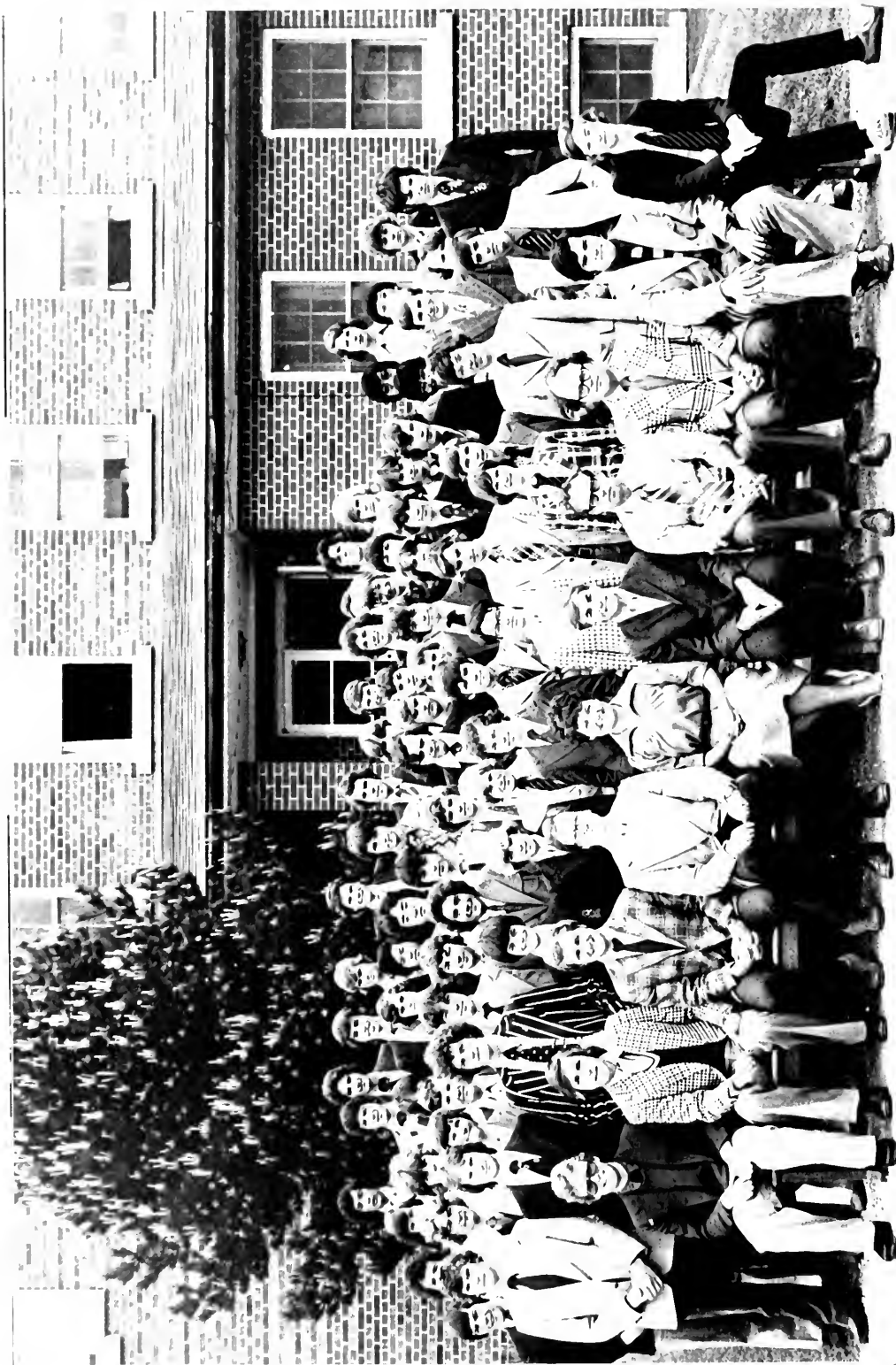
A. Yeo

Unsupervised Study List Sept.-June

W.C. Beasley
B.T. Davies
E.R. Dickens
T.J. Green I
D. Hou
N.M. Jamieson
J. Rachmaninoff
G.L. Stewart
M. Van Tighem I

D. Webb I
A. Halliday
A. Keil
G. Stott
B. Stuart
C. Wood
T.L. Moffat
G. Leggat
C. Richards

C. Thompson



It was the best of times; it was the worst of times; it was the age of wisdom; it was the age of foolishness . . . and so it was in Walker House. No one incident stands out as being exceptional this year, but it is the little things that we remember - The "Trekies" crowding around the television while someone vainly tried to play a game of pool; Frank Merrill being covered with shaving cream; "Stroke" Logan sleeping through breakfast; the "Pittites" slaughtering each other with their pillows; Bruce Peart still trying to get a sun tan; music blaring in the halls - Carly Simon, Barbara Streisand (!), Kiss (?); Brad Webb up to his tricks again; someone spending two hours on the telephone at 'peak times'; the boys on the top deck going out to play a round of golf; Rex Titmuss jumping on beds; "Can I have permission on top deck" being yelled at invisible prefects; wierd Trinidadian and Jamaican slang echoing about the house; John Ritson forgetting to bring the milk; soccer and football being played in front of the house and in the salad bowl. Walker House has its share of characters small ones, and uh hum, tall ones, and everyone contributed to its functioning. In some cases, we were called upon to defend our house both verbally and physically and did it with a fervour. If not the best house, we at least ranked within the top three!

I am sure that the House would not be what it was without the help of the house ladies who cleaned up after us whenever we went astray and the duty masters who tried to keep us from going astray in the first place. In particular, it is fitting that we thank Mr. Birkett and Mr. and Mrs. Day, all of whom will unfortunately be leaving us. Mr. Day has been with us for three years and during that time has helped to make Walker House a great place to live. We wish him all the best for the future.

"The Management"

Walker House



The pots are twinkling away on the shelf of the Common Room, mute minions of the John Bell Shield, while the delighted shouts of victorious athletes still seem to echo along the now empty hallways.

The "Management" smile, tiredly. Their moment of glory has been long in coming and is but that - a moment. The sound of success is their swan song and they have gone from us . . . Seal, Tailleir, Jim, Rolo, Bruce, Slatts, Jamie, Kink . . .

To you who remain they provided example and incentive, lavished praise or blame, and sought to lead as best they could. They cared for you, they cared about you and about me - they cared for the House, for the School. They were formed by the example of others now long gone; in their turn, in their different ways they have passed this essence of Appleby on to you. The respon-



sibility for this is now yours. And in a quiet moment, just sit back and try to imagine to yourself what it is that composes this essence; what it was and is that those now gone were trying to demonstrate to you. Humility, integrity, charity, self-confidence . . . they are dry old words indeed. Transpose them into actions, however . . .

If that reads like part of a sermon, you must excuse me. My native Wales has the reputation of producing teachers, preachers and singers and permutations thereof. Fortunately for you, I cannot break into "Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau" to complete that triad! Not until next Dydd Gwyl Dewi, anyways.

PIT CLOSES!! . . . Heaven and hell were very real places to the Wales of the 19th century religious revival. The Devil lurked underground and to work in the mines was perhaps to put oneself into closer proximity to the latter. To work "down in the pit" was the normal expectation: to close a pit, then, was to deprive a community of its only means of livelihood. And now our Walker Pit has worked its last shift. No strike call has gone out, however; instead one hears sighs of relief. The construction of extra accommodation above the Dormitory block will resolve our problem of being crowded and should provide comfortable living for those who occupy the new rooms. Perhaps the house will even look like a Holiday Inn . . .!!

The vintage of 76 has been a memorable one, and looks well for the years to come, "Under New Management".

And so my swan song ends.

Philip Day



Colley House



Whenever you place 58 boys in the confined area of a single building it is impractical to hope for a totally harmonious situation. This year, more so than in those past, mainly due to overcrowdedness in the House, provided the spawning ground for dissension. The problems that did arise were most often off-set by the goodwill and unselfishness displayed by most members of the house.

Whereas it could easily have been a year of stagnation, many people refused to allow this feeling to set in, and by taking the initiative brought out the best of the system. Two items that stood out in this area were the skit performed at the Christmas party by Ian, Erv and Al, and the interdeck ball hockey league organized by Neil Jamieson. These were just two of many memorable events that restored faith in the potential of the house members.

House events were very successful over the year due to the willingness of people to participate. The Christmas Party was a great success and the Summer barbecue (for which even the coals almost lit on time)

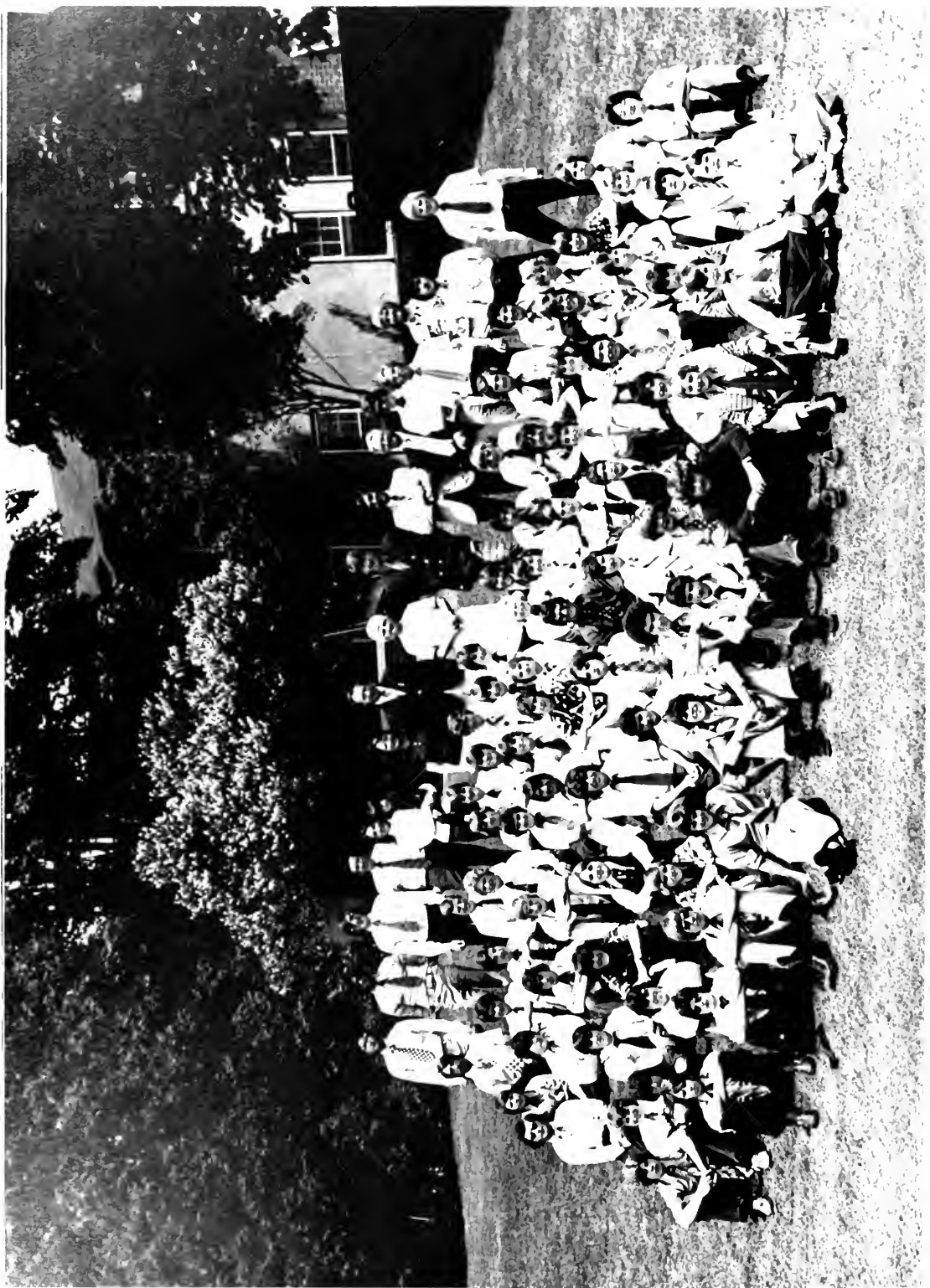
provided an excuse to get away from studying for a while, enjoy some food, and even get back at a favourite prefect!

House teams displayed as much spirit as ever, even if support was often lacking. To all who played or cheered at any sport a feeling of unity was achieved. This in itself is reward enough for participation yet those who did involve themselves are also to be thanked most generously for their unselfishness.

This report could not be suitably concluded without mentioning the man most responsible for keeping the house functioning during the year. Without Mr. Washington's dedicated and often thankless efforts to keep the house running smoothly, we would all have been much worse off. To him and his family we give our most hearty thanks and good wishes for the following years.

N. Waterfield





Powell's House



If the measure of things was to be determined by things won and lost, then Powell's House had a very mediocre year. But did we? At year's end, were we all disconsolate? Not so, because for many other reasons those of us who reside or work in the House had every reason to be gratified by the year 1975-76. One highlight which comes to mind was the small but poignant celebration of Mrs. Lytle's 25th year of service to Appleby, many of them as the matron to Powell's House. Peter Josselyn joined the duty staff in the evenings and along with Mssrs. Landry, Humphreys, O'Leary and myself we were once again lucky to have consistency and responsibility in this area. John Wright did a fine job as the Head Boy of the House and was very capably assisted by the other prefects, Ian Cameron, Milind Pendharkar, Peter-Paul Bloemen, and Eric Hebert, and by the other members of the Senior class; Johnathan Morgan, Chris Zahovskis and Richard Cheng. Athletically, our highlights included cham-



pionships in Soccer, Swimming, Hockey and Basketball, the latter two being somewhat unexpected and therefore all the more thrilling! Although at times the house spirit seemed lacking, taking the year as a whole, I would say that we have had a

profitable and productive year. With the majority of the Senior boys of the House returning in September, I look forward to an even better year in 1976-77.

W.D.R.S.





Junior School



With a major portion of last year's third team returning, the nucleus of our team was established. Halfbacks Boyd, Dorion, Ryan and Hughes provided a strong, and at times, highly efficient unit. Ryan, especially, established himself as a strong shooter and untiring defender. Our forwards were lead by Freeman, Giffin, and McNair, who consistently improved as the season progressed. The able boundings of Paletta and Shaw often discouraged any would-be attackers. Last, but not least, is our most consistent performer, Morgan, who continually boosted our morale by making spectacular stops in goal.

In the opening game of the season, we met a strong U.C.C. team. The first half belonged to Appleby, scoring two goals. In the second half however, U.C.C. pressed hard, consistently tying up our defence with a six goal result. We travelled to S.A.C. next and after a see-saw game, Appleby won 2 - 1 with Joey Ryan spearheading the team with spectacular displays of heading. Our home and home series against Ridley were evenly matched contests characterized by strong defensive play, accurate passing and quick goals. Unfortunately, Ridley had the last word and won both contests 4-3 and 3-2.

With a strong defensive effort, especially from Scott Hughes, our return match with U.C.C. resulted in a 3-1 win. Against Ashbury we were not as effective. Continual off-sides and an inability to clear the ball from our own end provided the opposition with many scoring opportunities which they capitalized on for a 3 - 1 victory.

The final two games brought us against a huge Pickering team and a strong Crescent side. By continually beating Pickering to the ball, our forwards, led by Freeman and Giffin, slipped 3 goals past their goalie, while our defence allowed only two successes by the opposition.

Under 14 Soccer



FRONT ROW: Fife II, Kay, Dorion, Morgan, Hughes.
BACK ROW: McNair, Giffin, Boyd, Mr. Bailey, Freeman I, Ryan, Paletta, Shaw.



Against Crescent, we led 2-0 at the half, displaying strong offensive play. Failure to carry the play in the second half gave them the ball control necessary to come back and win 6-2. The

score would have been considerably higher had it not been for the efforts of our goalie, Morgan.

2nd Soccer

FRONT ROW: Headley, Benson, Sustronk, Stewart, Gilroy.
CENTRE ROW: Mr. Berriman, Mueller II, Cockell, MacKenzie, O'Hearn.
BACK ROW: Bonfield, Powis, Mueller I.



In order to fully appreciate the endeavours of the Second Soccer team, we should ignore the rather dismal and misleading results, and concentrate on the talents of the various components of the team.

Collectively the components were rarely able to control their various tremendous energies to produce the kind of synchronized play that would have won the matches for them. Individually, they were frequently highly effective, confusing the opposition, and occasionally each other with a bewildering variety of tactics.

Under 13 Soccer

FRONT ROW: Senst, Bates, Connor, Bronson, Thomson.
BACK ROW: Mr. McLean, Sopinka, Strucken, Mann, Trupke, Gordon I, Rolin, Fretwell, Haldane.



The Under 13 team had an excellent season going undefeated in eight games, with seven wins and one tie. The tie, the only blemish on an otherwise perfect season, was played in the rain, wind and snow on Hillfield's all too - exposed mountain grounds. The team often found itself playing older, larger and more experienced teams but usually remained undaunted, compensating for lack of size, with quickness and skill.

There were no weak links with the team, representing the suc-

4th Soccer

FRONT ROW: Vernon II, Reid, Schmidt, Morris, Millar.
CENTRE ROW: Wildman, Duncan, Kelly, Toles, DalBianco, Freeman II, Bolt.
BACK ROW: Mr. Boyd.



We had a most rewarding season, mainly because we always played aggressively yet fairly. Our goals came, usually at the most opportune times - that is to say, when we were tired and needed a quick lift.

Our captain, C. Schmidt, provided a strong bastion of defense with his partner I. Robertson; and the halfbacks Dal Bianco, Sullivan, and Reid II, were always willing to dig deep for extra effort. Morris, Bolt, Freeman II, and Wildman were fleet forwards and pressed our opponents continually in their zone.

Paul Sustronk captained the team well. He has some good ideas and is a fairly natural ball player. He did his best to give some direction to the activities of his teammates.

In goal, Geoff Benson quickly learned the need for agility and used his excellent skills to smother almost anything that moved in front of him. Without his efforts, the results would have been even more dismal. Fullbacks Mark Gilroy and Mike Mueller played steadily and

also helped to keep the flood of goals against down to respectable proportions. Mark Gilroy had the advantage of being able to kick the ball fairly hard. The half-backs - Paul Stewart, Stephan Bonfield and Kyle O'Hearn worked hard to produce an effective midfield line. Paul, particularly, ran many miles, often exhausting himself before the end of the game, whereas Stephan, not relishing the running, would prevent the opposition from getting away from him by a variety of means, mostly legal.

The forwards were perhaps the most interesting group in the team; they ran everywhere, with and without the ball. Mark Mueller and Carter Powis patrolled the wings with Peter Meredith, Carl Headley and Steve Cockell weaving an intricate pattern of play in front of the opposition's goal.

In times of need, the team was ably supported by Sandy MacKenzie and Dodson Crawford who enthusiastically substituted when regular team members were indisposed.

J.B.

Successful welding of twelve highly skilled individuals into a cohesive group. Sopinka, very solid in goal, used his size to advantage, becoming more energetic as the season progressed. Good positional play was frequently absent on defence but Fretwell, Gordon and Bates through a combination of individual skill, speed and good fortune managed to keep the wolves from the door on most occasions. The play of the half-backs often lacked authority but Strucken, Connor, and Mann were excellent on the attack. The forwards proved to be the key to the success of the team. Brilliant-

tly led by Adam Bronson they were tireless in attack and always quick to follow the play back into their own half. Richard Trupke played a fine left wing, consistently executing the ball control and centering passes which gave nightmares to opposition defenses. Thomson, Rolin and Senst filled out the forward line and were responsible for initiating and completing many scoring plays themselves. Haldane proved an able substitute when called upon and himself played an energetic brand of soccer which complimented the play of the others.

They boys are certainly to be congratulated on a fine season. Consistently, exhibiting the spirit and determination others will choose to model, they played soccer at a standard which gives hope of successful teams for years to come. Young even for under 13 soccer, the team was able to defeat the first team in two friendly exhibitions. While the coach would like to claim credit for the fine season he is all too aware that most of the recognition for the team's success is due to the boys themselves.

We were disappointed when some visiting teams arrived with players that were twice our size, and obviously older than ourselves, but we still played with determination.

Perhaps our best game was our second match with U.C.C. which was a terrific contest between two evenly-matched teams. Our victory left us elated at the close of the season, and looking forward to next September.



Trips to Ashbury and Midland



The Grade 8 weekend to Ottawa was both cultural and athletic. On the one hand, we played four soccer games with our generous hosts, Ashbury College, on Saturday afternoon; on the other hand, we visited a number of places that all Canadians should see, the Parliament Buildings, the War Museum and the National Museum of Man. This last museum has 3 beautifully laid out displays of the Iroquois, Plains, and Eskimo peoples. The artifacts are not dull collections inside glass cupboards, but they are displayed meaningfully with illustrations and descriptions of their uses so that the visitor can really see something of these lost societies. This was par-



ticularly valuable since it is part of the Grade 8 history course. Because we had so little time there was much that we did not see, but next year, we hope to change classes with Ashbury College and spend a week there so that we can learn even more about the National Capital.

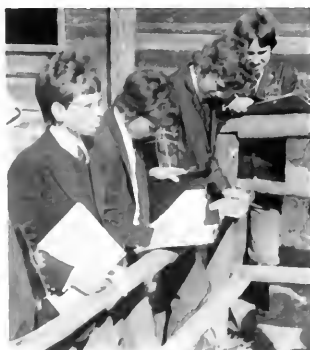
M.N.

Late in October the two Grade 8 classes had a geographical and historical day out visiting the Holland Marsh Muck Research Station, and the Jesuit mission of Ste. Marie at Midland. Before reaching the Holland Marsh with its abundant carrots and celery growing on the cleverly drained



fibrous soil, Mr. Berriman directed the bus driver through the glacial moraine to the south where we saw interesting geological features. Then, at the Research Station we saw a slide show explaining the history of agriculture on the marsh. From there we went on to Midland to tread in the footsteps of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century. Our tour explained not only how and why the mission was built, but also gave us a glimpse of what the lives of these lonely men were like so far from their own civilization. Our day in the field proved not only interesting, but also thoroughly informative.

M.N.



This has been one of the best cross-country seasons in the last few years, for not only has the general standard been higher, but also there has been more than the usual enthusiasm for training and racing.

The competitive season was short, but concentrated. It began with the High School Invitational Meet at Brock University. This course, which was the site of the Canadian Cross-Country Championship last year, is beautiful, having undulating meadows, a trail through the woods, and a very steep incline up part of the Niagara Escarpment. Our team, the youngest by far, came 9th out of 13 schools. Individually, Andrew Ross finished 27th, followed by Chuck McNair (37th), Geoff Benson (42nd), Sandy McKenzie (45th) and Don Johnson, 53rd. Although this does not appear as a major triumph, our twelve and thirteen year olds were competing in the under fifteen division.

Then at the beginning of November, we had three races in the space of a week. Our senior team ran with the Senior School in the Independent Schools Championship. Again, running in the higher division proved a difficult task. When we finished sixth, we thought that we had really done well. Andrew Ross, Chuck McNair, and Geoff Benson did particularly well.

Two days later, we had the Inter-Tribal races. Since new records were set in the Intermediate Division by Andrew Ross, and the Junior Division by Nicholas Nightingale, it was clear that the standard was high and the competition keen. Seneca, led by Chuck McNair, Andrew Ross, and David Toles were clear winners with the three other tribes scrambling for the next three positions. Holders of the wooden spoon were the Mohawks.

The last race of the season was the Junior Schools Cham-

Cross-Country



FRONT ROW: Ross I, McNair, Johnson, MacKenzie, Meredith.
BACK ROW: Mr. Nightingale, Benson, Stalder, Morgan.



pionship held this year on our course. Since we were first in both the under-twelve division and under-fourteen divisions, we emerged victorious ahead of Ridley, Hillfield and Crescent. Andrew Ross was a most worthy winner in the under-fourteen race, followed closely by Geoff Benson, Don Johnson, and Chuck McNair who had the misfortune to trip and fall flat on his face into the creek, but the fortitude to finish very strongly.

In the under-twelve race, David Toles in second place was closely followed by Nicholas Nightingale, Adam Bronson, Christian Strucken and Mark Freeman.

There is great pleasure to be had in working hard and enthusiastically in a determined team effort, and I think the boys on both levels can be justifiably satisfied with the season. Certainly, they gave a wonderful example to all boys in the school,



so many of whom tried hard and succeeded in improving their individual performances each week.

Congratulations must go to Don Johnson, Captain of the team, for his dogged perseverance in achieving his centipede for the third successive year, and to Andrew Ross for his outstanding performance in every race. Next year promises to be just as good, if not better.

M.N.

Under 14 Hockey

This year's team maintained one consistency; a steady stream of obstacles. Injuries, Satis and misdemeanours dissolved any benefit that might have been accrued from having nine members from last year's successful team return.

Wary of last year's strength, many of the opposing schools sent older teams this season. Seven of the games played matched Appleby's grade sevens and eights against opposing grade nines and tens. Two of the seven games ended in victories.

Outsized and outbumped, the team especially showed great courage during the four games against an older Lakeland team. Two of those matches were lost by a slim one-goal margin.

During the season, it was very difficult to rationalize playing these older teams. In retrospect, however, the fact that some of these schools felt it was necessary to play more mature teams against Appleby at this level, must indicate that the calibre of our hockey is advancing.

The boys of this year's team knew frustration and hardship. There were times when team morale slipped, but much to the team's credit, the spirit never disappeared. If one lesson were learned this season, it was that the effort is more meaningful than the number of wins and losses.

Special thanks to Bill Giffin for shifting unselfishly from forward to defence, and to John Toles who "filled the pipes" during the frequent emergency situations.



FRONT ROW: Schmidt, Freeman I, Giffin, McNair, Dorion.
CENTRE ROW: Cockell; Sustronk, Morgan, Mueller II, Mr. Singer.
BACK ROW: Bates, Gilroy, MacKenzie, Mueller I.



Second Hockey

The performance of this year's second hockey team was a model of attainment and tact. When we didn't win a game, we gracefully arranged, after a show of superiority, to let the opposition score one or two goals in the dying minutes to eke out a tie. Three of our five ties were come-from-behind efforts by the other team.

This measure of delicate success could only have been achieved, however, by a group of boys who were keen to learn, keen to play, and keen to contribute the extra energy needed to enjoy a sport. The style of the team was characterized by good positional play, good bodychecking and forechecking, and an uncanny knack for scoring goals when the opportunity was there. The defence worked particularly hard on their skating and passing, work which saw results in our proficiency with getting out of our own end.

Doug Locke, arriving just after the season began, was the cornerstone of our defence. Special praise should go to Louis Gratton who played excellently throughout the season, enabling us to win several games in which we were considerably out-shot. It was a season for learning, and we spent many hours of ice-time going through drills and skill training. We were obviously not as strong as were last year, and our win-loss record made that very apparent. However, our enthusiasm and willingness to persist did create the best atmosphere possible, under the circumstances, with which to attack our opponents.

All boys played their best, but special credit must go to our captain and goaltender, David Toles, whose special talents were very apparent in every game. As well, Freeman II, Campbell, Millar, and Mann were



FRONT ROW: Gratton, Fife II, Stewart, Crawford I, Bronson.
CENTRE ROW: Stalder, Bolt, Sullivan, Meredith, Streight, Headley.
BACK ROW: Turnbull, Benson, Sopinka, Hughes II, Johnson, Locke, Mr. Snowden.

Like any team, we had several outstanding players, but the work of these few would have been in vain if a concerted and energetic display of teamwork had not been provided by the rest. Often the best performances came from unexpected sources - John Bolt, throwing his weight around at U.C.C. and Crescent, Adam Bronson shutting out an Oakville

team in his first game as a goalkeeper, Dodson Crawford scoring the first goal of his career on a finely-placed wrist-shot from the point.

In the category of individual performances, we must single out Carl Headley for his unparalleled eagerness and drive. Stephen Fife's hot shot led our offence.

Third Hockey



FRONT ROW: Morris, Millar, Toles II, Vernon II, Vernon I.
CENTRE ROW: Copestick, Schooling, Brabender, Young, Dal Bianco, Piasecki.
BACK ROW: Mr. Boyd, McNab, Mutimer, Freeman II, Appleby II, Senst, Wood.

always digging and keeping us within reach of a good win.

Perhaps our best game was the last one with U.C.C. Even though we did not win, it was a fine example of good sportsmanship

and effort under pressure. All in all, it was a good year for basics and training, and all team members deserve to be congratulated.

Multiple Sports



First Cricket

Sandwiched between successful matches with Ridley was a series of defeats, two of them heavy. However the scoresheets do not tell the whole story of the season's cricket. Tremendous advances in individual technique have been made and the team has played very well together giving encouragement to each other when mistakes have been made and praise when good results have been achieved - and, most important of all, morale has been high in adversity.

The bowlers have made great strides. Bill Giffin has smoothed out his action and is becoming a menacing fast bowler, while Tom Hughes, Eric Morgan, Louis Gratton and Adam Boyd have all had their successes. Each one has a sound enough technique to enable him to continue next year.

Our batting has shown great promise in the nets, but the tension of the 'middle' has caused too much rashness and old



FRONT ROW: Boyd, Shaw, Freeman I, Morgan, Dorion, Kay, Gratton.
BACK ROW: Neumann, Stewart, Fife II, Giffin, Hughes, Goddard I, Stark, Mr. Nightingale.

habits have too frequently recurred. How difficult it is to school oneself ball by ball! While a bowler can take a wicket after bowling a wide, a batsman has no second chance. Nevertheless, Don Freeman, David Dorion and Bill Giffin have shown that they will soon be scoring many runs, and Tim Shaw, Stephen Fife and Jeff Goddard have shown an eagerness to hit the ball hard.

It is unfortunate that the cricket season is so short, for I believe that given a little longer, enthusiasm and ability of this team would have been turned to good account. Nevertheless it has been a rewarding and enjoyable season and I am sure that many of these boys will make their mark in Senior School Teams.

M.N.



Second Cricket



FRONT ROW: Jenkin, Sustronk, Meredith, Crawford, S. Hughes, Locke.
BACK ROW: Mr. Bailey, Tasi, Paletta, Powis, Benson, Johnson.

This year's second XI has successfully completed a highly competitive season. The team was a good mixture of boys with some cricket experience and a handful who had never held a cricket ball before. Of the latter, Powis, Sustronk and Locke played exceptionally well. Paletta and Benson also began to play more confidently as the season came to a close.

Throughout the season, Meredith, Johnson and Hughes shared the bowling responsibilities.

In our opening game against Ridley our inexperience proved to be our downfall. With the exception of Meredith who managed nine runs, we were all out for a dismal seventeen; not exactly a positive note to take the field by. However, by

Third Cricket



FRONT ROW: Headley, Toles, Sullivan, Strucken, Trupke, Gordon.
BACK ROW: Hueton, Fretwell, Bates, Mr. Snowden, O'Hearn, Ryan, J. Hughes, Sopinka.

The Third Cricket Team was a lively combination of veterans and rookies who provided at times brilliant, and at times amusing displays of proficiency at the sport. Those boys familiar with the game had an opportunity to improve their skills and to test their performance in the matrics. The boys new to the game, after overcoming their awkwardness with the batting technique, the way the ball is bowled, and the various other eccentricities, quickly reached the level of the others.

Fourth Cricket



FRONT ROW: Sidford, Ross, Appleby, Mann, Thomson, Nightingale.
BACK ROW: Chapman, Waddell, Vernon I, Wood, Senst, Freeman, Mr. Boyd.

We had quite a successful season. We began with a strong field and weak batsmen and ended with a strong batsmen. Our captain, Steve Mann, led the squad with superb fielding and directed our sportsmanlike team on the field with smoothness.

Our bowlers - Waddell, Freeman II, and Nightingale - all performed well, with Waddell gaining the edge in wickets taken.

good fielding and accurate bowling, we established ourselves. It wasn't until the eighth Ridley batter entered that they finally topped our score.

Our second match against U.C.C. was more successful than upper Canada batted first and to the surprise of all concerned we ended their innings quickly with a total of 40 runs. The boys could see victory in their grasp. After six batsmen our hopes seemed dashed on the rocks. We had only thirteen runs when Locke presented himself to the field. In less than five overs his mighty bat sprayed balls to the far corners of the pitch. Our total finally eclipsed the opponents with our last batsman; a very close contest indeed. We returned to U.C.C. later the same week for a rematch. Our opening batsmen, Powis and Johnson, succeeded in their efforts, scoring twenty between them. We were slowly closing the gap on

Upper Canada's very reputable score of 65. Despite some gallant batting by McNair and Sustrom, we succumbed to the fine fielding of U.C.C. and were all out for 43.

Our trek to T.C.S. followed in mid-May. We opened the batting with a furour, scoring runs and continually building our total. Throughout the afternoon, our batsmen plodded their way to a fifty-three run innings.

Mention has to be made of the fine efforts of Carter Powis who managed to remain at bat for over two hours scoring 20 runs. We took to the field eager to end the contest and confident we could. With six batsmen successfully eliminated, T.C.S. stood at only 20 runs. However, the game was not to be a victory so easily. Slowly, the margin began to dwindle, until our opponents stood at 45 with their last bat-

smen entering play. Tom Hughes smashed the last wicket to ensure the victory.

With two wins and an equal number of losses, our season ends with a Ridley rematch in early June. Will we win or lose? Only time will tell!

Among the veteran, Pat Bates and David Toles sent many a ball rippling off the pitch to strike the stumps with spectacular violence. Joey Ryan grafted the game onto his repertoire with steady bowling and surprisingly aggressive batting - one six he hit at U.C.C. rolled to stop about 300 yards down a street adjacent to the grounds. Good fielding came from Craig Fretwell and Adam Gordon. The taste of success from this year's matches should spark continued interest in the sport from all the players on the team.



Congratulations go to the whole team, but a special mention must be made of Jim Vernon, our wicketkeeper, who stumped the opposition with glee and was a particularly good batsman.

Ross II, Sidford, Thomson I and Appleby all turned in creditable performance and were eager to participate to the fullest. Seferian turned out to be the surprise batsman of the season, for he held off U.C.C.'s fast bowlers for six successful overs. This was his first year in the sport.



Academics



Sports Day



Sports Day



Sports Day



J.S. Prefects



Giffin, Stewart, Morgan, Mr. Nightingale,
Dorion, Gratton, Paletta.

8A

FRONT ROW: Stewart, Hughes, Morgan,
Sustronk, Bonfield.
CENTRE ROW: Jenkin, Neumann, Shaw,
Krempulec, Dorion.
BACK ROW: Mr. Nightingale, Scott,
Powis, Johnson, Tasl, Werda, Paletta.
MISSING: Yates.



8B



FRONT ROW: McConnell, Key, Cockell,
Meredith, Crawford, Freeman.
CENTRE ROW: Mueller, Gilroy, McNair,
Gratton, Boyd, Marshall.
BACK ROW: Caird, Stark, Giffin, Mr.
McLean, Benson, Stott, Bryant, MacKen-
zie.

7A

FRONT ROW: Bolt, Paterson, McBean,
 DelBianco, Gordon, Haldane, Flett.
 CENTRE ROW: Trupke, Fretwell, Wild-
 man, Bronson, Connor, Mueller, Ross.
 BACK ROW: Ryan, Mr. Berriman, Samuel,
 Distelmeyer, Stalder, Husebye, Hughes.



7B



FRONT ROW: Sullivan, Rolin, Robertson,
 Coups.
 CENTRE ROW: Thornley, Weisbaum,
 Schmidt, Graham, Headley, Rabb,
 Gregory, Hueton.
 BACK ROW: Turnbull, Wilson, Hamilton,
 Mr. Snowden, Fell, Hardman, Sopinka,
 O'Hearn, Streight, Locke.

6A

FRONT ROW: Toles, Ross, Waddell, Sid-
 ford, Duncan, Genereux, Taylor, Peacock.
 BACK ROW: Mr. Boyd, Thomson, Russell,
 Sharpe, Mutimer, Crawford-Brown,
 Richardson, Wendling.



6B

FRONT ROW: Thompson, Vernon II, Strucken, Reid, Brabender, Grimm, Vernon I, Copestick, Milburn, Gray.
BACK ROW: Skudra, Freeman, Appleby, Senst, Chapman, Mr. Shorney, Gairdner, McNab, Wood, Young, Mann.



5



FRONT ROW: MacKay, Piaseki, McCarthy, Knight, Tarbet, Crawford, McQuhee, Gordon, Petkovich.
BACK ROW: O'Reilly, Robbins, Hassal, Filipovic, Gatrell, Mr. Bailey, Schooling, Genereux, Campbell, McKibbin, Slote, Nightingale.

4

FRONT ROW: Batty, Goddard, Corman, Hays, Taylor, Downie.
BACK ROW: Mr. Sharpe, Millar, Harding, Van Leeuwen, Schuring, Mettimoe, Seferian.
MISSING: Morris.



Hobbies





Jr. School

On February 10th and 11th, the Junior School presented Wm. Golding's "Lord of the Flies", which had been adapted for the stage by Mr. Boyd. The turnout was amazing, for all seats were sold for every performance.

Michael Hylton portrayed the lead role of Ralph, while Eric Morgan was the sinister choir leader named Jack.

In all, over twenty-five boys took part in this, the first full three act play ever presented by the Juniors.

Special congratulations must go to Mr. Boyd who produced and directed, Mrs. Landry who did the full make-up job, Mrs. Royse who did wonders with costumes, and Mr. Royse who brought his technical brilliance to the show.



Lord of



Presents

On opening night, there were obviously many cases of jitters, but things were well under control. Stage Manager Paul Bundschuh kept quiet order on the stage.

Other boys who deserve special mention include Chris Wildman as Simon, Joey Ryan as Roger, and Rodney Hardman whose tremendous performance as Piggy was a highlight in the show.

The show will go on next year as well, for Mr. Boyd plans a comedy with another very large cast of willing boys.



the Flies





"This has been a good year" - the same phrase could have been heard from the lips of any of the Junior House youngsters towards the end of 75/76.

Not in comparison with previous years necessarily, although that may well be true, but in its own right it certainly has been "a good year."

There has been above all a sense of belonging and comradeship which has pervaded all age groups in the House, and which has resulted in a particularly happy and relaxed atmosphere.

We have had our share of stars both academic and athletic; Eric Morgan, our Senior Boy, was appointed Head Boy of the Junior School, gained a scholarship to the Senior School and finished the year second in 8A. Geoff Benson and Steve Fell kept the Junior House name right up there when they were proclaimed Victor Ludorum Senior and Intermediate winners respectively at the J.S. Sports Day. Chuck McNair played 1st soccer and hockey, Don Freeman played 1st hockey, soccer and cricket as did Eric Morgan; Tim Shaw played soccer and cricket while Pierre Rolin swam for the School, and Pat Bates played 1st team hockey. Geoff Marshall, our resident expert, won the tribal chess tournament very handily.

Various excursions were undertaken during the course of the year - to White Oaks Secondary School to see Mr. Royse's "Alice in Wonderland", three film outings ("Bad News Bears" was voted the best), Mr. Boyd made an expedition with some boys on safari to the Lion Park and had the side mirror on his car chewed by a bear for his pains. Mr. Berriman took the graduating Grade 8's on a bowling evening, finishing up with mountains of pizza in the apartment later.





Jack Coups set a bottle afloat containing a passionate plea for the girl of his dreams to send the note back and start a "meaningful relationship". Unfortunately, the bottle ran afoul of Pierre Rolin and his cronies with disastrous results to Jack's amorous ambitions.

Peter Wendling, Chris Chapman and Kevin Thompson all turned their hands to the horticultural at various times during the year - their respective cubicles resembling a tropical jungle as their plants thrived.



We had two spectacular floods - on consecutive days, for different reasons, both very early in the morning. All hands and towels were mobilized to clean up before breakfast.

As always, there were lots of little quirks, nice things, and strange happenings that occurred during the year. A short list would look something like this:

- who but Wendling would always present himself for inspection with his shirt untucked?

- remember the rash of muggings that took place upon the person of our Housemaster until, claiming executive privilege, he retreated to his enclave?

- the dorm and 4-bedder boasted a bright blue paint job with rainbow cube fronts, and the bathroom was renovated to look like something out of the Royal York.

- remember Rolin ordering a



pizza on Saturday night and having it arrive at lights out?

- remember the Christmas party with the showing of "Tobruk" to an enthusiastic audience, and then dinner with the Colonel afterwards?

- remember the "boom" in late study applications as exams drew nearer and nearer?

- what about the 1st Annual Junior House Arm Wrestling Championship: won by Morgan and Benson?

- the ball hockey game, two ice hockey games, the red/green soccer match and the water soccer championship in the pool.

- no one will forget the persistent trading and bartering for radios, earphones and pillow speakers as the lights went out for bedtime.

- remember Mr. Nightingale fighting courageously against a bat (animal, not object) in the Dorm, herding it finally, into the Attic room?

- Four boys took part in "Lord of the Flies" - Morgan, Slote, Bolt and Bates.

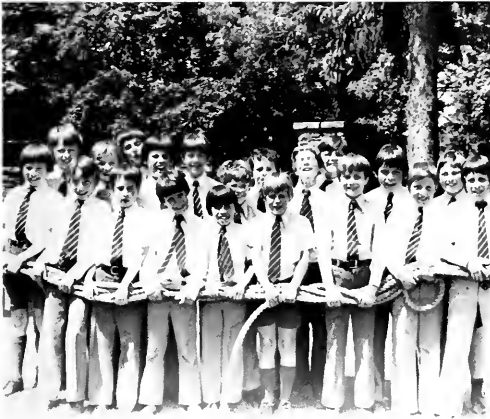
Finally, we wish those of our House who are moving to the Senior School the very best of luck, and to Tim Shaw, Richard Jenkin and Pierre Rolin who are not returning, our best wishes for the future.

To those returning, let us strive to maintain our success of this year so that we may again say, "yes, it has been a good year!"

J.B. and D.K.R.B.







Literary



THE RUNNER

Go! From that moment on the long distance runner did not know the agony he would endure. The loud crack of the starter's gun still resounded in his ears. He ran up the first hill in a cool mood, his body was fresh. He was not aware of scenery gone by or ahead of him; the people just another tree. With every step he was getting nearer to his goal. His thumping heart, beating so loudly the whole world could probably hear it, felt as if it would bounce up into his mouth. Sweat tickled his flushed cheeks, dripping off his chin and leaving a wet stain on his tattered gym shirt. His long stringy hair blew behind him like grass

in the wind, matted with the grime of sweat. He hopped around the bend and onto the short straightaway. He was crying now, endlessly lifting two limp limbs from his torso then letting them drop to the ground. He faltered but managed to regain balance. The saliva in his mouth had formed a gobbling ball oozing out the side of his open mouth and red lips. He could not stop to spit, he needed his energy to suck in air, like a broken vacuum cleaner. He was no longer the man he used to be. He was lifeless figure, motivated by a toy car. This weary figure, a vegetable thinking of nothing now, was running to a finish line that got further away every step. He heard a fast pace in front of

him, and so he speeded up, overwhelming the excruciating pain, like a robot. The others slowed down. By now, the crowd's cheering greeted his ears but they went in one side and out the other. Were they for him? He crossed the finish line - first. He kept running; Why? He did not know. Suddenly, a loud bursting pop jolted him and he fell dead to the ground. The man truly was a runner. This man did not beat the other runners, he beat his goal, himself, and surpassed his own capabilities. This brave runner would never rise, he had run his last race.

Glen Yates

Masters



Awards

Grade 4	General Proficiency General Progress	Scott Millar Dann Hays
Grade 5	General Proficiency General Progress	Robin Tarbet Andrew Crawford
Grade 6A	General Proficiency General Progress	John New John Richardson
Grade 6B	General Proficiency General Progress	Arthur Skudra Ward Young
Grade 7A	General Proficiency General Progress	Jonathan Haldane David Distelmeyer
Grade 7B	General Proficiency General Progress	Andy Hueton Kyle O'Hearn
Grade 8A	General Proficiency General Progress	David Dorion Paul Sustronk
Grade 8B	General Proficiency General Progress	Adam Boyd Keith Stott
Junior School Reading Prizes	Gr. 4 Gr. 5 Gr. 6 Gr. 7 Gr. 8	Danny Hays Peter Robbins David Mutimer Jonathan Haldane Paul Stewart

The Andrew Gunyon Memorial Prize for best English Essay

Gr. 8 David Dorion

Shorney Award for top Scholastic Standing

Gr. 8 David Dorion

TRIBAL SHIELDS

The Miss Mona Niblet Shield - Senior (U14) Boy who has contributed most to his tribe.

Eric Morgan

The Miss Rose James Shield - Junior (U12) Boy who has contributed most to his tribe.

Joey Ryan

The Boy under 10 1/2 years of age who has contributed most to his tribe.

Duncan Ross.

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The McBride Citizenship Cup for Junior School - Eric Morgan

Seneca

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W. Giffin
E. Morgan

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A. Ross I

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D. Freeman I
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D. Dorion

SWIMMING: T.K. Hughes

DRAMA: M. Hylton



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Seneca
Hockey - Seneca
Cricket - Oneida
Swimming - Oneida
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Squash - Seneca
Tennis - Seneca
Basketball - Seneca
Track and Field - Seneca
Academics - Cayuga, Mohawk
Chess - G. Marshall (Cayuga)
General Knowledge - Oneida



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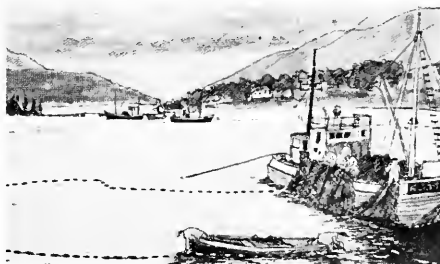
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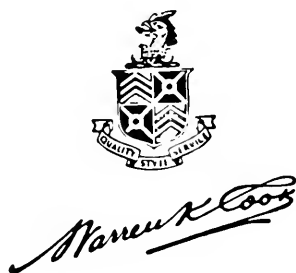


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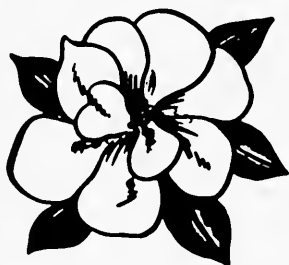
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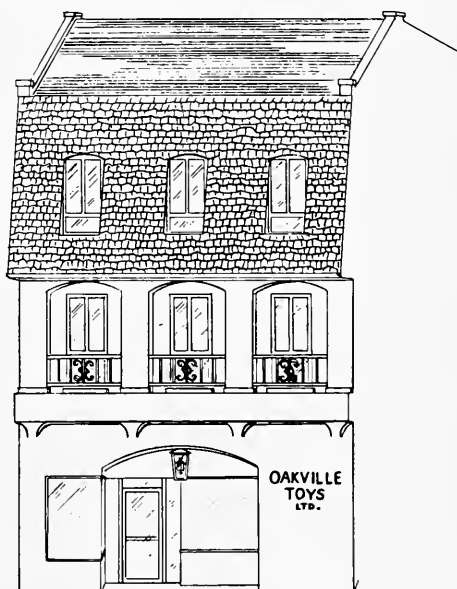
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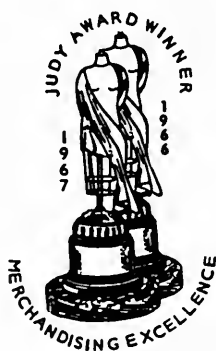
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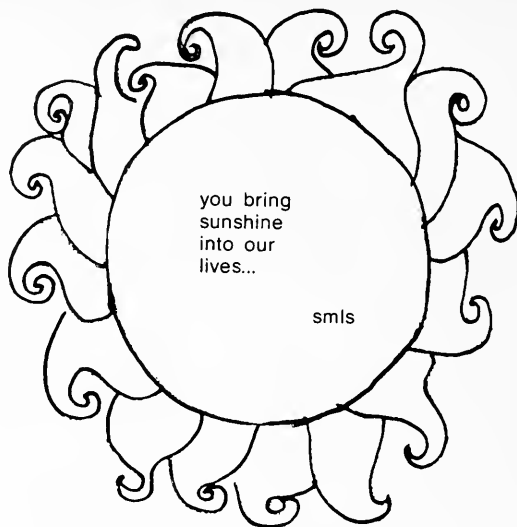
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